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MILITARY PARTY RULES BULGARIA AFTER REVOLT

Overthrows Government, Jails Cabinet in Sudden Rebellion; Diplomats Fear Balkan Strife.

A revolution in Bulgaria, in which Premier Stamboulisky and his government was overthrown, is causing fear in European diplomatic circles that another Balkan war menaces world peace as the coup put the military party in control at Sofia. King Boris is said to favor the revolution. The deposed premier disappeared.

Official advices received in foreign circles in Constantinople say the Bulgarian revolution was conducted without strife.

All government officials and employes have been replaced by members of the military. The frontiers are definitely closed, all through trains being temporarily suspended, and those en route stopped east and west of the borders.

Rebellion Planned for June.

The overthrow of the Stamboulisky government in Bulgaria was planned for the end of June, according to one correspondent.

It was hurried, however, to forestall the great agrarian congress which Stamboulisky had arranged to be held in Sofia to impress the capital with the strength of the agrarian party.

It was intended to have 200,000 persons attend the congress and 20,000 of Stamboulisky's "Orange Guards" were to have been concentrated in Sofia armed from the government arsenal after having taken an oath of allegiance to the projected new constitution.

While the new government at Sofia announced it would not attempt any "military adventures," it is feared that fighting will break out against the Turks in Thrace owing to the recent transfer of Karagatch to Turkey. That city was greatly coveted by Bulgaria.

The most extraordinary feature of the whole revolution was the secrecy with which it was carried out.

No one, except the prime movers, such as Zankoff and Rousseff, knew what was going to happen.

At midnight Friday all was calm; at 4 Saturday morning the whole cabinet was in jail and the revolutionaries were governing Sofia.

New Premier an Intellectual.

The new Bulgarian premier, Zankoff is one of the most reputable doctors in Sofia university. A year ago he began gathering about him the leaders of the intellectuals in Bulgaria regardless of party affiliations for the purpose of joint action against the government. Zankoff is only 43; he was educated in Sofia and Munich and traveled extensively in Germany, Austria and Hungary while the war was going on.

Premier Zankoff, head of the new government, has assigned the portfolio of foreign affairs to Christo Kalleff, while Colonel Voulkoff is the new minister of war. The cabinet now represents all parties with the exception of the Communist and the peasants.

The king received the members of the new ministry and Premier Zankoff called on the diplomatic representatives and informed them of the change in government. The government has taken no exceptional measures to preserve order, nor has censorship been established, it is said.

"A simple incident in the internal life of the country," is the way in which the first official statement of the new Bulgarian government describes the coup which overthrew the Stamboulisky government and landed the cabinet ministers in jail.

BEETLES LIVE AFTER HEADS ARE CHANGED

Experiments by Scientists in London Prove Insect Life Is Prolonged.

People who don't like their own heads may be able to obtain new ones if experiments that have been conducted by London scientists with beetles ever prove adaptable to human beings.

At a scientific exhibition held in London beetles were exhibited which had had other beetles' heads transplanted onto them. Some of the beetles had lived six weeks after the transplanting and had lived and fed normally. The bodies of the beetles, according to Graham Cannon, scientist, gradually conformed, after being given new heads, to the species and even the sex of the decapitated beetle.

Another interesting exhibit was that of artificial throats, made by Sir Richard Paget, which were able to make vowel sounds and even to speak.

Raiders Get 2 Kinds of Embalming Fluid

Embalming fluid and freshly distilled liquor were found side by side by prohibition agents in New York when they raided an uptown undertaking establishment.

The agents gained entry by saying they wished to arrange for the burial of a friend. Four large stills were said to have been found in a room adjoining the mortuary.

Surrenders Luxury to Hungry Children

Cardinal Michael Ritter Von Faulhaber, archbishop of Munich, arrived in Boston from New York aboard a day coach in which he and his party had traveled despite arrangements having been made for a parlor car section.

"I will turn over the Pullman fare to my poor hungry children in Munich," was the cardinal's explanation.

Americans of Future

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

THESE picturesque little Swedes, whose forefathers were Vikings, were the last of the Swedes to be counted in the present year's imigration quota at Ellis island this month. They are, left to right, Harry, four years; Karl, five years, and Henry, three years, children of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johanson. They are going to settle down on a Michigan farm and grow up to be Americans. This family came from the northernmost part of Sweden and they think it is hot in America.

HARDING ADOPTS TRIP SCHEDULE

Fourteen Addresses to Be Made by President on Way to West Coast.

President Harding will make 14 addresses on his way to the Pacific coast for his Alaskan trip and will speak in five coast cities after returning from Alaska, it was said in the official announcement of the executive's, itinerary made public at the White House.

The schedule:

St. Louis, June 21, evening; Kansas City, June 22, evening; Hutchinson, Kan., June 23, afternoon; Denver, June 25, morning; Cheyenne, Wyo., June 25, afternoon; Salt Lake City, June 26, evening; Pocatello, Idaho, June 28, morning; Idaho Falls, Idaho, June 28, afternoon; Butte, Mont., June 29, morning; Helena, Mont., June 29, evening; Spokane, July 2, evening; Meacham, Ore., July 3; Portland, Ore., July 4, afternoon, and Tacoma, July 5, morning.

Canadian Talk Scheduled.

Returning from Alaska, the President will speak at Vancouver, British Columbia, July 26, evening; Seattle, July 27, evening; San Francisco, July 31, evening; Los Angeles, August 1, evening, and San Diego, August 4, afternoon.

Announcement also was made that on the trip to the coast the President would make brief visits to Zion and Yellowstone National parks and on the trip down the Pacific coast would stop at Yosemite National park. The address at Meacham, Ore., will be in connection with the Oregon Trail anniversary celebration.

Final details of the itinerary with respect to addresses were worked out by the President in conference with Walter F. Brown, chairman of the commission on reorganization of government departments and an adviser of the executive. Mr. Brown then left Washington to confer with committees on details of the President's visit to each of the 19 cities.

Two Weeks in Alaska.

The itinerary for the visit of the presidential party to Alaska has been only tentatively worked out, as the trip largely will be dependent on the President's desires on reaching the territory and also upon transportation facilities. The itinerary announced at the White House, however, shows that the executive will spend about two weeks in Alaska, with about five days to be consumed in the voyage from Tacoma to the territory and the same or somewhat less time for the return trip to Vancouver.

Details of the return by way of the Panama canal and Porto Rico likewise remain in a tentative state although it has been announced that the President would sail from San Diego in the shipping board steamer President Harrison. Only a day or two will be spent in the canal zone and the presidential party will continue on the President Harrison to San Juan, where, after a short stay, its members will embark on another shipping board vessel, the American Legion, for New York.

Bank Clerk Fights and Wins 100 Duels

Dueling is very much the "mode" in Hungary at present and Edward Laudauer, an employe of the Budapest bank, is the man of the hour. He has fought and won 100 duels in the last three years.

Laudauer's last victim was Lieutenant R. Vurchner.

Two hundred spectators witnessed a recent sword duel staged with all the precision of a big sporting event.

Austrian Bank Gets New Foreign Advisor

The national assembly of Austria has approved appointment of a foreign adviser to the Austrian national bank.

It is predicted the coming of this foreigner will be followed by other foreigners to take charge of the federal railroads, the tobacco monopoly and the department of posts and telegraphs.

CROP GUESSES TOO OPTIMISTIC

U. S. Bureau in Estimates Usually Exceeds Final Harvest Yield.

In connection with its monthly crop report last week the department of agriculture made public a summary of its June 1 forecasts for the last 11 years showing how the forecasts have compared with the final production of crops. The monthly forecasts, as always pointed out at the time of issuance, are based on conditions prevailing at the first of the month of forecast and increase or decrease with changing conditions in the season.

The department's summary of June 1 forecasts for the 11 years shows:

Winter wheat: Average 2.5 per cent above final yield. Above final yields in six years, the average being 9.5 per cent and the range from 4 to 21 per cent; below final yields in five years, the average being 6 per cent and the range from 3 to 11 per cent.

Spring wheat: Average 18.3 per cent above final yield. Above final yields in 7 years, average 36.6 per cent, range from 4 to 85 per cent; below final yield in five years, average 13.8 per cent, range 6 to 23 per cent. In several years crops proved almost failures.

Oats: Average same as final yield. Above in five years, average 12.4 per cent, range 4 to 32 per cent; below in six years, average 10.3 per cent, range 3 to 22 per cent.

Barley: Average, 2.1 per cent above final yield. Above in six years, average 9.5 per cent, range 3 to 18 per cent; below in three years, average 11.3 per cent, range 2 to 17 per cent; in two years same as final yield.

Rye: Average 10.6 per cent above final yield. Above in each year with range 2 to 36 per cent.

Chicagoan Named Comptroller Deputy

Appointment of Charles W. Collins, Chicago, as the third deputy comptroller of currency, was announced recently by Comptroller Dawes. Mr. Collins has been serving as counsel for the budget bureau.

HAYNES FAIRLY SATISFIED WITH WORK OF UNIT

Prohibition Commissioner Is Optimistic Over Accomplishments of His Enforcement Dept.

Reviewing the two years of prohibition enforcement since he took office, Prohibition Commissioner Haynes declared in his annual report that the facts warranted "a fair degree of satisfaction with accomplishments as a whole."

Many new enforcement problems will crop up for years to come, the commissioner said, but he declared that many already had been solved. He asserted that his force was operating at a maximum efficiency and expressed a hope that increased co-operation in enforcement work by local authorities would leave the federal forces free to deal principally with the larger conspiracy cases. He refrained from commenting on the repeal of the New York enforcement law, but said:

"One of the chief present difficulties may be termed sectional, where there is adverse public opinion to be combated, and it is to be found mainly on the eastern seaboard, although there are certain cities where local conditions also make the problem quite difficult.

Criticizes Publications.

"Co-operation in some of the localities referred to, on the part of local authorities, is not what it should be, and the press is not favorable.

"Another present day difficulty is a certain type of misrepresentation which is persistent and specious in type. One purpose seems to be to destroy the morale of the public most interested in prohibition and next to discredit and hamper the officials of the government intrusted with the duty of making the eighteenth amendment effective."

Withdrawals Decreasing.

The commissioner presented figures showing that whisky withdrawals, which had amounted to 12,389,000 gallons in 1920, dropped to 3,243,845 in 1921 and to 1,819,888 in 1922.

Normal commercial processes in the use of industrial alcohol have not been interfered with, the report said, citing figures to show that 44,047,000 gallons were produced in the fiscal year 1921, 41,691,000 in 1922, and 48,857,000 gallons from July 1 last to March 31 this year.

Storage of bonded whisky is being rapidly concentrated, 80 outlying distillery warehouses having been discontinued upon removal of their contents to concentration points. The report said there were 38,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits in bond July 1, 1922.

Federal Court Co-operates.

In the federal courts alone from June, 1921, to March 31 last, there were 65,760 criminal prohibition cases begun and 3,500 civil cases, with 43,905 and 2,314 convictions secured, respectively; while fines imposed during the last fiscal year aggregated $4,041,000. Out of 1,100 breweries in operation in pre-prohibition days there are 604 at present, 70 having been closed in the last nine months.

Smuggling of liquor is one of the principal difficulties of enforcement, the commissioner explained, noting that the prohibition unit has "very limited facilities for combating this situation."

Illinois leads the country in the issuance of injunctions abating liquor nuisances under the prohibition act.

To Wed Daughter of Irvin S. Cobb

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of Irvin S. Cobb, author, to Frank Michler Chapman, Jr., of Englewood, N. J., has been announced. Miss Cobb until recently was a member of the editorial staff of The Bookman.

Chapman is the son of Dr. Frank M. Chapman, curator of the department of ornithography of the Museum of Natural History.

MILLION DOLLAR BLAZE DESTROYS TERMINAL DEPOT

Twenty Hurt When Train Shed of Pennsy in Philadelphia Is Consumed by Flames.

Fire of June 11 practically destroyed the train shed of Broad street station, the Philadelphia terminus of the Pennsylvania R. R. Some mail and baggage and a number of passenger coaches also were consumed.

The flames spread westward and did not reach the main building containing the waiting rooms and ticket offices. Water, however, caused damage there.

There was no official estimate of the loss, but it is believed that it will approximate at least $1,000,000.

20 Persons Injured.

A roundup by police and hospitals showed that about 20 persons, none of them passengers, were injured. The greater number were firemen. There were almost 200 passengers in the 10 sleeping cars in the station when the fire started. They were aroused but were told that there was no immediate danger. The cars were pulled out of the shed and later were attached to trains and departed.

One string of seven sleepers was destined for Boston and other three sleepers for Pittsburgh. The passengers peering through the smoke-stained windows did not get a complete picture of the blazing shed but realized that they were being rescued from a perilous situation.

Outgoing train service was delayed several hours. Passengers on incoming trains were discharged at the West Philadelphia station and brought to the center of the city by automobile or trolley. When outgoing service was restored all trains left from the West Philadelphia station.

The fire started soon after 1 A. M. under the wooden platform in the train shed which covers several acres, and spread rapidly. Dense volumes of smoke soon filled the shed and poured into the waiting room and other parts of the station. Hundreds of persons waiting for outgoing trains fled from the building and intense excitement prevailed.

Then the lights went out in some parts of the station.

Six Alarms Sounded.

Six alarms were sounded, calling almost all the fire apparatus in the city to the scene. Hundreds of streams of water were poured on the flames, but it was not until the huge arch, extending from Fifteenth to Seventeenth streets and from Market to Filbert, was a mass of wreckage, that the firemen were able to check the blaze. The roof of metal and glass, collapsed in many places and the brick walls fell. It was under the shed on the street floor that the mail rooms and express and baggage stations were. A large force of men with trucks attempted to remove the mail, but they were unable to complete the task.

"The great, arched shed was one of the greatest in the world when it was built more than 40 years ago. Then it was proudly referred to by the railroad as the "portal to Philadelphia." It was 707 feet long, 307 feet wide and 100 feet high. The shed covered 16 tracks and there were eight platforms.

Peasants of Russia Rise, Krassin Says

No longer is the Russian peasant a slow, phlegmatic, down-trodden, hopeless individual, says Leonid Krassin, Soviet foreign trade commissar.

"The peasant is the citizen and lord of all the Russian realm," said Krassin. "All the land belongs to him and he is not afraid of the restoration of the landlord or the Tsarist regime."

Krassin, during his recent visit to London, held up the Russian peasant as a great example of the change that has come over Soviet Russia—a change that he claims is remarkable for its progress.

Baby Wields a Clever Needle

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

Mothers and babies of the Coney Island, N. Y., health station will benefit greatly by the National Knitting Bee at Coney Island. Prizes of $11,000 were awarded to the best made and most beautifully knitted garments. The health station at Coney Island will receive the finished work for the little inmates.

Photo shows four-year-old Pearl White Nash, the youngest competitor in the contest.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING BOLT OBEYS HAND OF ELECTRICAL WIZARD

The greatest amount of energy ever concentrated by human ingenuity, more than 10,000,000 horsepower, was created, toyed with and finally docilely placed back in its cradle recently by a single man.

A model village was built and the electricity, transformed into a bolt of lightning was whipped back and forth and up and down, striking the lightning arrester of a little church steeple. The artificial lightning was shot through realistic clouds which rolled and thundered while rain they produced fell in torrents.

Wood Change Mystery.

The engineers were unable to explain the chemical substances produced when walnut wood, touched by the great voltage, disappeared from their sight and left no perceptible residue.

The significance of the spectacular demonstration was that twice as much electrical voltage as ever before was produced and handled safely. It also was made to do the bidding of a man operating a small switch with all the unfathomable wizardry of a magician bringing rabbits out of a hat. For a small part of a millionth of a second, the power was equal to all the electrical power in America.

The exact voltage was 2,000,000 which, as estimated by Charles P. Steinmetz, an electrical expert, is one-twenty-fifth the power of a bolt of lightning.

In Pittsfield Laboratory.

The demonstration was made in the Pittsfield laboratory, renowned among electrical men as the transmission experimentation center. It was in charge of F. W. Peek, Jr., who directs the high voltage research, and Giuseppe Faccioli, a couple, chief electrical engineer of the Pittsfield works.

Mr. Faccioli said the layman might get some conception of the power handled when it was realized that the greatest single amount of electrical voltage now transmitted for public use is 220,000—that in California. Mr. Peek pointed out that the objective was to keep research ahead of need—so that when it is desirable to carry 2,000,000 volts in a wire it can be done.

Transformers of a standard design, were used to "step up" a current of about 2,000 volts 1,000 times. In the million volt transformer more than 100 miles of wire was used. This was wound in such a way that enormous voltages were produced, experts said, without the turn of a wheel.

Steel Lined Building.

The laboratory in which the tests were conducted is a large brick building lined with steel to prevent any disturbances from reaching outside and causing possible damage to the factory. In these tests it was determined, experimenters said, that a tubular transmission cable, six and one-half inches in diameter, would be of sufficient size to retain this enormous current and that transmission towers 16 feet high with wires 30 feet apart would be necessary to carry the current.

Despite the fact that lightning travels at the velocity of light, 186,000 miles per second, engineers at the Pittsfield plant have been able to measure the shape of the flash and determine its pressure. It was to reach a better understanding of these problems that the miniature village and artificial lightning were designed.

Americans Support Students in Tokio

An American drive opened with a beefsteak dinner at the grill-room of the Imperial hotel, showed the interest of Americans in the Japanese capital in the American school in Japan, which is being maintained from funds raised in Tokio every year.

Y25,000 ($12,500) is the sum sought for maintenance of the school the coming year. While students of 12 nationalities attend the school, it is operated as the result of work of Americans in Tokio.

Students' "Angel" Taken by Death

William Whiting Nolen, private tutor to wealthy Harvard students and friend of poor students for 35 years, is dead. "The Widow," as he was known, enabled students who were lax in attendance on lectures to pass examinations by intensive work at the last minute. He charged them $2.50 an hour. Impecunious students who helped him tutor, received all the proceeds except 12½ cents an hour.

London Restaurant Is Biggest in World

The next time a Yankee tourist starts telling a Londoner how much bigger things are at home, he probably will be taken to Piccadilly Circus and shown the largest restaurant in the world. It has just been opened and the catering company which owns it expects to serve 10,000,000 meals in the next twelve months.

The London establishment will employ 900 waitresses and enough other help to make a payroll of 1,700 persons. The jazziest cafe in New York will not be one bit noisier, for the new restaurant is to have a band blaring in every big room. There are many rooms, too, big, little and middle-sized, scattered over five acres of floor space.

GERMANS MAKE OFFER; FRANCE WON'T ACCEPT

Berlin Would Pay Billion and Half Marks Yearly, Would Pawn Railroads as Security.

Germany's amendatory reparations note which was handed to the entente and United States governments last week proposes a system of annuities estimated to total 1,200,000,000 marks annually if an international loan is not available for immediate capital payments.

French officials and newspapers which reflect the viewpoint of the government were unanimous in saying that the new German reparations note was unacceptable.

Officials close to Premier Poincare quoted him as saying the memorandum was "absurd and ridiculous and not meriting consideration" because it does not promise cessation of passive resistance against French occupation of the Ruhr.

London Moves.

Lord Curzon had an important conference with the French ambassador, Count Saint Aulaire, the British foreign secretary urging that the French government accept Berlin's latest reparation proposals as a basis for negotiations. If France will do that, Lord Curzon will inform Germany, it was said, of the French government's willingness to discuss the problem collectively with the allies.

Great Britain, it is explained, will then endeavor to obtain from Berlin a pledge of the cancellation of the orders for passive resistance in the Ruhr, which Premier Poincare has named as a condition precedent to any pour parlers. If Germany acquiesces, steps will be taken to convoke an international conference for the settlement of the whole dispute.

No reply to the recent German note is considered necessary so far as France is concerned, it was said at the foreign office, but if the allies desire to improve the opportunity to resume a general discussion of the reparations question France is ready.

Provisions of Offer.

The annuities would become effective in 1927 and their number and amount would depend on the degree of Germany's economic recovery. An inevitable requisite to a practical solution of the reparation problem is said to be the early convocation of a general conference to which Germany would be admitted on an equal basis.

The document is brief and it makes no mention of the political situation, the Ruhr occupation or the question of passive resistance and indulges in no recriminations. Neither does it refer to the conditions under which Germany is prepared to pay the annuities.

As a guarantee for the annuities, the German government pledges the federal railway system, which would be capitalized at 10,000,000,000 marks, yielding an annual bonded interest of 500,000,000 marks.

In addition 10,000,000,000 marks would be guaranteed by a gold five per cent mortgage, security for which would be furnished in physical holdings of industry, agriculture and shipping, and the gold obligations assumed by banking and commercial interests and private real estate. That levy, it is estimated, also would yield 500,000,000 gold marks.

The additional 200,000,000 of the annuity total would be raised by increased customs duties on articles of luxury and a government tobacco and spirits monopoly.

"Cannot Be Considered."

The Petite Journal, owned by Louis Loucheur, former minister of liberated regions, said the note denoted "certain progress," but in view of the decisions taken at the Brussels conference it could not be considered.

"Pertinax," political editor of the Echo de Paris, called the communication a backward step from the note of May 2.

"While Germany offers guarantees, they are delusive," said the Petite Parisien. "They rest in the hands of the Germans. It is difficult to imagine a note more vague than this one."

The Matin says the document "cannot be received by France and probably will be considered null and void."

"So long as Germany is not upon her knees the situation is unchanged," said Petit Bleu.

Show Signs of Balking.

Despite the insistence of Great Britain for a general conference, or at least a joint reply, French officials intimated that Paris will not consent to any such course.

To a large extent, however, France's future course depends upon England. If the British government follows the hint dropped at Brussels by Premier Poincare and induces Germany to end passive resistance in the Ruhr, the French will consent to enter negotiations.

Both Germany and Great Britain are anxious to draw the United States into future negotiations on reparations. France, believing the Ruhr issue is more political than economic, is satisfied to have America remain aloof.

3,500 Wabash R. R. Workers Get Raise

An agreement between the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes and the Wabash system was affirmed June 1, whereby approximately 3,500 workers received increases ranging from one-half to nine cents an hour.

Announcement of the settlement was made by A. F. Stout, vice president of the brotherhood.

Foremen were granted increases of $4 to $17 a month, maintenance mechanics four cents to nine cents an hour and common labor one-half to four cents an hour. The new rate for labor will be 37 to 41 cents an hour. General Chairman D. Griffin of the brotherhood negotiated the settlement.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

SENATOR WILLIS of Ohio took occasion the other day to say the most important matter before the American people today is law enforcement. That hits the nail squarely on the head. Law enforcement and the dry question. They make one question, in fact. They are as closely related as the Siamese twins. They can't be separated, and we can't see how they are going to be kept out of the 1924 presidential campaign.

While he was talking Senator Willis took a whirl at political prophecy—the renomination without opposition of President Harding, and his re-election. It is a sane prophecy. The President is right on law enforcement, and he is right on the dry question. The country is prosperous under a revival of industry and business, and that to a greater extent than could have been expected when the administration took hold of the deplorable mess that remained from the previous administration.

President Harding has strong convictions, and in following them he has developed a fearlessness that his political enemies would not concede him two years ago.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "Let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have."

There is a world of inspiration in those sentences for men in public life. The man who follows them may not always win, but he will always be great.

THOMAS MARSHALL, for eight years vice president under President Wilson, recently said something about classes and law enforcement that is worthy of serious thought by all Americans who put American welfare above their private interests and personal appetites. This to a high school graduating class:

"Laws ought to be far removed from the storm and tumult of political and economic life. The old American order was an order of representative government consisting of three branches, one to make laws, one to interpret them, one to execute them.

"It was an effort to remove lawmaking, law prosecution and law enforcement from the sudden bursts of anger and passion that sway the minds and judgment of the best of men.

"It is up to the American people pretty soon to determine whether they care to maintain this old-fashioned system of government which preserved the life, liberty and property of its citizens, or whether they are about to plunge themselves into the experiment of a pure democracy where the shifting tides of the passion of self-interest or class-interest vary standards from day to day.

"The new idea of democracy inevitably tends to legislation by classes and once the classes have obtained control of government, then some one class will take charge of affairs, and that will be the ending of democracy. The tyranny of a class is just as inimical to the rights of the people as the tyranny of a single man sitting as the representative of an unlimited monarchy."

Quoting an awkward phrase which has been ridden pretty freely in magazines recently—good, old-fashioned common sense is what Tom Marshall has got nothing else of but.

COMPLAINT is often heard that divorce is too easily obtained in this country. In England complaint is made that divorce is too difficult. The British are now trying to change this situation, on the ground that the wife has not an equal chance with the husband. They have labeled it "sex inequality." A law has already passed the house of commons that is supposed will remedy the so-called evil.

This British divorce question may be of some interest to our readers because of the absurdities that have been revealed. Under the present law divorce is practically unobtainable unless inconstancy has been proven. This clause has led to some astounding situations. Both husband and wife may want a divorce—then comes a "frame up," and here it is:

The procedure is always the same. A lawyer is hired. He arranges the affair. The husband first "deserts" his wife. He takes another residence. The law requires that she make efforts to recover his love. She writes him a formal letter, pleading for his return. He sends a formal answer, swearing that he will never return.

Both letters are later produced in evidence.

Next the husband must send her a letter notifying her he has been inconstant. Usually this takes the form of a hotel bill, showing that he stopped at some inn with another woman. These women, it has been charged, are hired by lawyers in many cases, purely to supply the necessary evidence.

GERMANY has made France another reparations offer. France felt it coming and has made preparations to reject it. France insists there must be an end to "passive resistance." As a French newspaper puts it, Germany "must get down on her knees." Incidentally, it might be said that that would be a good thing for Germany—good for her soul. An attitude of humility before the world would enable her to accept the fact that she was whipped in the late war. Such an attitude would attract some sympathy.

Late news tells the story that British military forces have entered the Ruhr Valley. Nobody, at the time of the movement, seemed to know what that meant. Another news story said that Great Britain and Italy were anxious for a settlement of the reparations question. No doubt that is true.

In the meantime Germany maintains that she can't pay more than she has offered. Outside of Germany there is a theory that Germany can pay but won't; another that Germany will pay but can't. Nobody seems to have the absolute facts in the case, Germany excepted, of course.

This whole problem indicates the perplexing situation this country could get mixed up in by trying to settle the world's affairs. To undertake the task would be like looking for a gas leak with a lighted match.

HUGHES PLEADS FOR TRIBUNAL

Peace of Nations Depends Upon World Court, Says Secretary.

Two thousand members of the bench and bar heard Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes plead for America's entrance into the world court recently at the Kent Centennial celebration at Columbia university.

Justice Edward R. Finch of the appellate division of the New York supreme court, who introduced Secretary Hughes, also defended the court and pointed out that the teachings of James Kent, the former Columbia professor in whose memory the meeting was held, showed that states or nations, being composed of individuals, were subject to wrong doing and should be treated as individuals for their misdeeds.

Secretary Hughes said the tranquility of the world depended upon the existence of a world court just as the tranquility of the United States and its various states has depended and still depends upon the courts.

Courts Assure Peace.

"Our courts," he declared, "still remain the assurance of our domestic peace. This is true in international as well as in national affairs. If we have tranquil states, it is because the people believe in the reign of law and maintain the integrity of their courts.

"If we have a nation with the immense advantage of national authority adequate to meet all national needs, it is because we have the supreme court of the United States. If controversies over legal rights are to be determined peacefully, there must be a tribunal to determine them."

Americans Favor Tribunal.

"The American love of peace and sense of right," he said, "and the conviction born of our experience, have made it a definite part of American policy that we should do all in our power to secure provision for the peaceful settlement of international disputes by the establishment of a permanent tribunal of international justice.

"Our peculiar interests as a nation require it, in order to give more adequate protection to our own rights; the interests of world peace demand it."

Secretary Hughes asserted that temporary tribunals were imperfect both in the choice of arbitrators and in the likelihood of the intrusion of political considerations.

"How unsatisfactory is such a method," he added, "as compared with the opportunity to submit a controversy to a permanent international court composed of ablest and most impartial judges, acting as a court in accordance with good standards and giving their continuous and expert service in the interpretation and application of international law."

KLAN ROW LEADS TO NEW SOCIETY

Ku Klux Emperor Forms Kamelia Separate From Organization.

Establishment of the Knights Kamelia as the "primary order of knighthood" with a government "separate and distinct from the government now controlling and directing the affairs of the first or the prebationary order of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan," has been proclaimed by William Joseph Simmons "in the exercise of the authority vested in me only as emperor of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, inc."

"Everything that I have strived to build during the years gone by is in peril of being subverted to personal, political and sordid ends," Emperor Simmons said in a statement. "To save the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan from spoilation and destruction I have determined to establish Knights Kamelia and thereby give the klansmen of the invisible empire at least the opportunity to transfer to this primary order of knighthood and establish themselves upon the foundation as laid in the beginning. * * *

"I am impelled to promulgate the Knights Kamelia because of the restiveness that obtains among probationary klansmen throughout the country. There has been no way opened to advancement—no progress has been made—no construction work has been done."

Five Sons Are Born to Man in One Day

Le Matin, in a dispatch from Rome, says all records in paternity have been beaten by a well-to-do farmer at Laybach, South Slavia, who became the father of five sons in one day. His wife presented him with twins and a mistress, who lived in the same house, gave birth to triplets the same day.

Deaf Can Hear Says Science

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation. They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, Suite 1305-S 220 W. 42nd St., New York City for descriptive literature and request blank.

—Advertisement.

Former Actress Goes to Parliament

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, nee.

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, formerly Mabel Russel, English beauty and actress, has been elected to the house of commons in England, over two male candidates—a Liberal and a Laborite. She won the seat formerly held by her husband, from Berwick-on-Tweed, as a Conservative. Philipson had been disqualified because of illegal acts on the part of his agent in the November general election, and a bye-election had been ordered. Mrs. Philipson joins Lady Astor and Mrs. Margaret Wintringham as active women members of parliament. She has three children.

Describes "Nice Girl" Maid Capable of Almost Extinct Feat — Blushing

A nice girl, according to the Hon. Mrs. Claud Yorke, is one who "is still capable of that strange physical feat which is almost as extinct as the capacity to move our ears—the blush."

And it is still the "nice" girl, according to Mrs. Yorke, one of London's society leaders, who is the favorite with men. It is about her that "all love stories in the world have been written" and to her that "poets have sung their sweetest songs." Therefore, Mrs. Yorke declares, the modern girl should not regard the appellation of "nice" as a handicap.

"Every era has its fashions in women," said Mrs. Yorke, but none of us can remember any such curious fashion as has produced the woman of today. What is that fashion?

"Nothing Shocks Them."

"As far as I can judge it is one in which everything is permitted except to be shocked. You may wear the most outrageous clothes; you may drink and smoke, but so long as you are unmoved by any deeds or opinions, so long as you remain physically incapable of such a thing as a blush, you will be regarded, in certain circles, as amusing and up to date.

"Such a fashion, of course, fills the life of the girl who does not follow it with problems. She hears a risque story and is at once placed in an abominable dilemma.

"She may walk from the room without replying. But have you ever tried to walk from a room like that? It needs greater courage and self-control than is given to most girls.

"Again, she may go to a dance which is attended by a woman whom she ought not to meet. If she stays she runs the risk of being classed as belonging to a set which she may regard with distaste.

"Smoking and drinking are no essentials for the debutante, but when she first comes in contact with them she will probably think that unless she follows suit she will be regarded as demode. I know many girls who loathe cocktails, who choke when they smoke a cigaret.

Stay As You Are."

"And so I say to nice girls: 'Stay as you are.' Read all the love stories in the world, and you will find that it is to you whom the poets have sung their sweetest songs. They have not hymned the cocktail, the cigaret or the diaphanous gown. They have not found charm in a distorted wit. They have found it in lowered eyes and modesty and restraint and, most of all, they have found it in innocence. As it has been, so it always will be, and so, I believe, if we did but know, it is today."

Pastor Gets Decoration

The Rev. Chauncey W. Goodrich, former pastor of the American church in Paris, who is returning to the United States, has been created a Knight of the Legion of Honor. The insignia was presented to him at a reception attended by French and American Protestant authorities and friends.

SAYS MID-WEST WANTS HARDING

Senator Fess Asserts Strength of President Is Growing Steadily.

"The President is stronger in the Middle West today than he ever has been. He will be renominated and elected with little trouble."

This was the report to the White House of Dr. S. D. Fess, Ohio senator, who called to give the President his observations on a tour of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Pennsylvania, where the doctor is in demand as a lecturer at educational institutions.

Doctor Fess displayed the most unusual fez of all the Shriners during their meeting in Washington. It bore the name of Antioch, his temple, which is also the appellation of the college of which he was president. On either side are beautiful embroidered United States flags.

Present From Harding.

On the top are embossed gold letters which tell that it was "presented to Senator Noble Fess by President Noble Harding May 21, 1923."

"The greatest source of the President's strength," said the senator, "is the prosperity that is so abundant.

"There is little concern about his world court proposal except among those who do not know that safeguarding reservations will prevent our becoming a member of the League of Nations against which the people are as firm today as in 1920.

"He will have opposition for renomination, of course, because Wisconsin will have its usual candidate, but he will have no serious contest.

Dry Sentiment Unchanged.

"There is no change in sentiment regarding prohibition in the places I visited. The general view is that Governor Smith of New York only has intensified the division in his own party by his signing of the repeal of the New York law and that his alignment with the wets has lowered consideration for him below that for Senator Underwood, who has qualities and ability other than sympathy with the so-called liberal element.

"Much talk is heard of Ford, but he is given little serious consideration because of lack of party affiliation. The Democrats don't want him and the Republicans won't have him."

NAVY FLIERS GET RECORDS

Briton's Duration Flight Eclipsed by Yank Torpedo Plane.

United States navy fliers, starting on a two-day program at San Diego, Cal., drawn up to enable them to compete against the best performances of foreign fliers, broke two world's seaplane records, which had been held abroad, and established eight other records.

Eleven fliers of the air craft squadrons of the battle fleet were entered. Lieutenant M. A. Schur broke the duration record held by Captain Biard of the Royal British Flying Corps and also smashed the distance record held by him.

Captain Biard's duration record was one hour, 34 minutes and 51 seconds. Lieutenant Schur remained aloft in his torpedo plane for 10 hours, 31 minutes and 11 seconds. Captain Biard's distance was 230.39 miles, made last year at Naples. Lieutenant Schur's distance was 730.09 miles.

Caterpillars Plague Austria

A black caterpillar with a yellow stripe is invading the fields of Steyregg and Pulgarn, in upper Austria. Swarms of the grub are eating the country bare.

U. S. Women Honored

Elsie Janis and Mabel T. Bonney.

Elsie Janis, internationally prominent stage star, has been awarded the Medaille Louis le Grand by the officials of Sorbonne university in France. Only two awards of the honor had been made theretofore—once to the late Sarah Bernhardt and once to Mme. Rejane. Miss Mabel Theresa Bonney, a young American, also was honored at Sorbonne university. A doctor's degree was conferred on her. She has been prominent in French and American theatrical and has adapted or translated several French plays for production in New York. She studied at the University of California and later at Columbia and Harvard, winning a scholarship to the French college.

WORLD PEACE U. S. MISSION

Avowal Voiced by Various Sects Represented at Washington Conclave.

A series of pronouncements adopted by the conference of religious and welfare workers called by Secretary Weeks was submitted to him on the conclusion of the meeting. The religious advisors of the War department, who included representatives of Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish denominations, joined unanimously in the assertion that peace at home and abroad was the mission to which America was devoted, and added:

"To pursue it unarmed and undefended would be the quickest way to invite war."

The committee which prepared the findings of the conference was headed by Bishop W. F. McDowell of Washington, D. C., (Methodist) and included John M. Thomas, president, Pennsylvania State college; Rabbi Morris S. Larazen, Baltimore Hebrew congregation; Rev. W. F. Barton, moderator, National Council of Congregational churches; Bishop James DeWolf Perry, Jr., Rhode Island Episcopal church; Rev. John J. Burke, general secretary, National Catholic Welfare council; Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, secretary, Department of Social Education, Baptist Publication society; Col. W. Jenkins, Salvation Army, and Rev. Jason N. Pierce, First Congregational church, Washington, D. C.

In declaring the attitude of the conference and the churches and organizations it represented on the question of national preparedness the conference pronouncement said:

"Peace at home within our own country, peace among all the nations of the earth is a sacred mission to which America has devoted herself and her resources. To pursue it unarmed and undefended would be the quickest way to invite war. Against the curse of militarism America has traditionally set herself. Militarism is absolutely strange to the genius of her institutions. Her army in time of war is a citizen army, her army in time of peace is a volunteer army. Civilians direct her army and navy; the existence and upkeep of both are contingent upon the will of a representative congress.

"The army and navy of the United States have always been essential to the life and welfare of the republic. The army and navy of the United States command, therefore, the respect of every true citizen."

At another point the pronouncement said: "We deprecate any attempt, made under the cloak of religion and in the name of a false pacifism, to deny the support of the churches to the well being of our army and navy."

Labor Urged to Aid World Court Plan

In a plea to organized labor to support President Harding's world court program, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, predicted that the court will mean "at least a drawing close to the League of Nations."

Expressing approval of the league Gompers said:

"It is true that joining the court does not mean entering the League of Nations, but I think we shall not stop in developing after we have taken the first step. If we can recover from the disunity and partisan political expediency that has marked our inglorious position thus far in relation to world affairs, I anticipate no great difficulty in continuing on to our logical destination."

LAWS AGAINST GERMAN ILLEGAL

High Court Declares State Ban on Language Not Constitutional.

State statutes which would prohibit the teaching or use of foreign languages in all schools below the eighth grade have been declared void by the supreme court as an unlawful encroachment upon the rights conferred by the fourteenth amendment to the constitution which provides that "no state . . . shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

Justice Holmes delivered a dissenting opinion in which Justice Sutherland joined.

The question was presented to the court in cases coming from Iowa, Nebraska and Ohio. Eighteen other states, with similar statutes, participated.

Rights of Individuals.

Justice McReynolds, who delivered the majority opinion, asserted that the fourteenth amendment without doubt "denotes, not merely freedom from bodily restraint, but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized at common law as essential to the orderly pursuits of happiness by free men."

This liberty, the court added, cannot be interfered with under the guise of protecting the public interest by legislative action which is arbitrary or without reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the state to effect.

Final determination of what constitutes proper exercise of police power is with the courts, Justice McReynolds asserted, and does not rest with the legislatures of the states.

The court refused to pass on the constitutionality of the Sheppard-Towner maternity act in cases brought by the state of Massachusetts and a Boston taxpayer. Both suits were dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

QUEEN'S WILL VALID THROUGH FOUR CONTESTS

"Thundering Chiefess of the Sleeping Waters" Law Suit Is Calmed.

Litigation over the will of the late Queen Liliuokalani, last reigning monarch in Hawaii, which has occupied the courts in Honolulu since her death in 1916, has been terminated with the withdrawing of the suit filed by Mrs. Kahakauilakelilimoewaiowaialulia Keawe Nawihie to break the testament. The 30-letter name means "Thundering Chiefess of the Sleeping Waters."

Makes Four Attempts.

Mrs. Nawahie's action was the fourth that had been brought in an effort to overturn the will. She contended that she was next of kin to the former queen.

The first suit was filed by the late Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, former delegate to congress, and was settled by compromise.

The second suit, filed by Mrs. Emma K. De Fries, was dismissed.

The third action, based on a will which named the "Princess" Theresa Owana Wilcox Bellilveau Kelley and two other persons as beneficiaries, also was dismissed by the territorial supreme court.

A Kanaka Dreamer.

This suit had a sensational aftermath. A Hawaiian minister, who testified that he witnessed the signature of the late queen to the document, told his attorney later that he had a vision or a dream, and confessed that the will was a fraud on the part of "Princess Theresa." As the result she was convicted of forgery and was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Mrs. Nawahie's contest was dismissed on the ground that she had failed to prove her contention that she was related to the queen.

To Slay Snakes With War Gases

Mustard gas, phosgene and chloine, deadly accompaniments of war, will be turned upon large dens of rattlesnakes in the vicinity of San Marcus, Texas, within the next few weeks.

This announcement was made by Major George M. Halloran, chemical warfare officer of the 8th Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, who will direct the use of gases.

The experiment is to be made by order of the Chief of Chemical Warfare, Washington.

Yank Weds Paris Girl

Mr. T. Bentley Mott & bride.

Social leaders in Paris attended the wedding there of Colonel T. Bentley Mott, for many years military attache of the American embassy, and Mlle. Georgette Saint-Paul, daughter of the French counsellor of state, and a member of one of the oldest families in France. The bride has been very active in social life in the French capital.

YANKEE MAID DEFIES BANDITS

Relief Worker in Near East Gets King's Amnesty for Crete Terrorist.

Thanks to an American girl—Miss Margaret Robinson of Grand Rapids, Mich.—Crete has been relieved of the famous Greek bandit, Barbounis, who has terrorized the island for 15 years.

Every kind of crime and outrage has been attributed to this outlaw and his 30 followers and repeated efforts to capture the band have resulted disastrously for the gendarmes.

When Miss Robinson, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke college, arrived two months ago as the representative of the Near East relief, she found that Barbounis was interfering with the distribution of refugees among the villagers. She sent an envoy to the famous outlaw to ask whether he would abandon his tactics if she arranged an amnesty for him and suggested that he ask the Athens government for permission to join the army on the Turkish frontier.

After brief negotiations, amnesty was granted Barbounis and the bandit with his followers embarked from Cambia, superbly mounted, to join the king's own regiment at Dedeagatch.

"LET 'EM TOOT," DEVELOPS LUNGS

Community Music Helps Make Better Citizens, Says Instructor.

What America needs is "a horn for every boy," declared P. W. Dykema of the University of Wisconsin's music school in an address before the annual convention of the Music Merchants' association. "The musician wishes more music, not for its own sake, but for its citizenship value."

"Community music also helps make better citizens," he said.

"Every man, woman and child needs to sing more frequently. The love of music, satisfied by music, spurs on the weary, calms the troubled, inspires the despondent, comforts the low in spirit, and stimulates and energies all. The best way to destroy a musical taste, however, is to feed it with a constant succession of tawdry, cheap musical satisfactions."

The love of music, Prof. Dykema said, is "born in us only in the most elementary form, and needs constant nursing in order to be developed into an unquenchable flame which constantly demands more and more music for its satisfaction."

A motor of French manufacture for attaching to an ordinary bicycle, is said to be the smallest motor in practical use. The cylinder has a stroke of only 2.2 inches and a bore of two inches.

FILMS WRONG HISTORICALLY

Frenchman Deplores Many Inaccuracies Shown in Moving Pictures.

Discontinuance of the [illegible] historical novels was urged [illegible] American motion picture [illegible] by Julian Jacques Champen[illegible] tached to the French min[illegible] public education, in an addr[illegible] fore the International Congr[illegible] Motion Pictures.

Motion picture audiences [illegible] and especially in France, are [illegible] irritated by the inaccuracies [illegible] historical novels produced [illegible] United States, he said. It [illegible] lieved in many cases, he de[illegible] that an attempt is being [illegible] Americans to cartoon or ridicul[illegible] situations historically depicted.

M. Champenois said this sit[illegible] has been especially true sinc[illegible] World war, which left in its [illegible] a tendency to make slight [illegible] tional incidents seem great. It [illegible] been the source of a great deal [illegible] trouble and many unpleasant [illegible] cidents, he added.

Puzzle to Foreigner.

The French representative [illegible] pressed surprise that American [illegible] ducers did not realize the seriousness [illegible] of combining fiction and facts. [illegible] was almost impossible, he asserted, [illegible] for a foreigner to get the true significance of historical facts of a nation.

M. Champenois declared that historical novels and play writers, with [illegible] exception of Sir Walter Scott and Prosper Merimee are "impudent mongrels." It was not enough, he said, to base historical novels on fiction and high school text books.

"Many an historical crime," he complained, "has been committed in the name of local color. There is a great deal of accuracy in details but the spirit of the productions is all wrong. Yet, withal children or educated and half educated persons accept these stories as textually true and the most dangerous fanatics are the persons who believe utterly and are guided by what they read and what they have seen on the screen.

"Beware of Extremists."

The Rev. Father John B. Kelley, speaking for Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, warned producers to beware of extremists in and out of the ranks. Those in the ranks, he said, have a tendency to economic as well as literary suicide.

"Decadence," he asserted, "is the forerunner of decay and decay is the synonym of death."

After several speeches by moving picture producers and directors, telling what the companies hoped to do, Basil King, author, demanded to know whether the meeting had been called to benefit authors, who were trying to make artistic movies, or merely as a clever publicity stunt for producers.

"Is it worth while," he asked, "for the author to have anything to do with the motion pictures at all?"

Interesting Question.

The question which aroused the most interest was:

"Is literature being turned into an industry, or are movies being turned into an art?"

It was contended by several speakers that in order to bring about the latter result authors and producers should work together in an effort to get stories which are adapted to filming, and then have the director follow the author's instructions.

Caged Three Days; Miners Unharmed

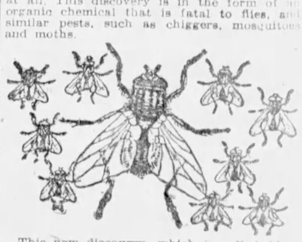
Released late June 5 from the mine shaft near Bicknell, Ind., where they had been entombed since June 2 by a cave-in, Joe Bernardi, Frank Maberto and James Bertilio, coal miners, were resting in their homes little the worse for their experience.

The men, who were imprisoned in the mine for more than 79 hours, were in good physical condition when taken out. Fresh air was forced into the mine and food lowered to them through a two-inch casing drilled into the mine.

EASY NOW TO RID YOUR PLACE OF FLIES

Widely Known Scientist Discovers Wonderful Chemical that is Fatal to Flies. Not a Poison—Harmless to Stock.

Flies are one of the most dangerous and annoying things with which the farmer has to contend. Now, through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, widely known scientist, you can rid your house and barns and livestock of these pests almost instantly, and with no trouble at all. This discovery is in the form of an organic chemical that is fatal to flies, and similar pests, such as chiggers, mosquitoes and moths.



This new discovery, which is called Alexander's Rid-O-Fly, is not a poison. Though it kills flies like magic, farm animals and human beings are not affected by it at all. In addition to killing these insects, Rid-O-Fly is a strong repellant. Flies will not come near stock or buildings where Rid-O-Fly has been used. Rid-O-Fly is particularly valuable for cows and horses, as it is a known fact that flies do untold harm to these animals.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that his discovery will rid your house, barns and live stock of these pests that he offers to send a $3.00 supply for only $1.25 on the guarantee that it Rid-O-Fly does not solve your fly problems it will cost you nothing. Two big Kansas City banks guarantee the reliability of this offer.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address to the Alexander Laboratories, 1555 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and this introductory offer will be mailed at once.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 508 E. Olive St., C-455, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

AMERICAN naval fliers, contesting in San Diego, Calif., June 7 in events never before put on an official program, established seven more world records in addition to the two they broke and eight others established the day before, making a total of 17 world records now held by the air craft squadrons of the battle fleet in the Pacific.

The government won its first victory in its drive against alleged fraudulent oil promoters last week when two men were sentenced to serve 10 years in the federal penitentiary and pay fines of $15,000 each, another was sentenced to two years and a fine of $6,000 and two more were sentenced to a year and a day and fined $5,000 each.

Exchanges of information between business competitors engaged in interstate commerce, the supreme court held, is unlawful "when the manifest purpose" of the companies is to defeat the Sherman anti-trust law "without subjecting themselves to its penalties." The opinion was given in a case against the American Linseed Oil Co. and others.

In a special election held last week in Iowa, Judge Hiram K. Evans, Republican, won over his Democratic opponent, J. P. Daughton, for congressman from the Eighth district to succeed Horace Mann Towner, Republican, resigned.

All freight service between Cleveland and Detroit will be started by the end of the month. Three hydromonoplanes, with a capacity of six passengers or 1,200 pounds of merchandise, will make daily trips.

The long standing controversy over judicial guarantees for foreigners in Turkey has been adjusted by the Near East conference at Lausanne, thus removing one of the obstacles to realization of a peace treaty.

The clerk's report read at the annual meeting of the First Church Christ, Scientist, shows that during the last year 79 Christian Science societies, one university society and 16 new churches have been recognized as branches.

Threat of stokers and firemen on French steamers to strike unless assured of receiving their daily allowance of wine when in New York harbor has raised an issue that probably will be made the subject of diplomatic correspondence with Washington.

The British steamer Ashbay, 20 days out from Queenstown, for Montreal, put in at St. Johns, N. E., with her engines disabled. The vessel will require extensive repairs.

SHIPPING board has decided to proceed with direct government operation of sufficient vessels to keep the American flag on all world trade routes. A committee has been named to map out administrative plans.

Resignation of Charles E. Lobdell as head of the farm loan board has been accepted by President Harding. D. J. Pettyjohn of Dodge City, Kan., has been named as Mr. Lobdell's successor. The change will take place June 30 when the retiring commissioner will enter business in New York.

The Danish government has forwarded a protest to Washington against the American liquor law as related to foreign shipping.

Shopmen of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad have been granted a wage increase of two cents an hour by negotiations completed recently.

The Mexican delegates to the mixed recognition conference have been authorized by President Obregon to present definite proposals.

Twenty-five thousand Nobles of the Mystic Shrine passed in review before President Harding in Washington last week in one of the greatest and most colorful parades that ever marched down the historic Pennsylvania avenue.

Two thousand union clothing workers in New York voted to strike after the manufacturers had refused to recognize their union and abolish a system characterized by the strikers as "the black list."

Human sacrifice still is practiced in parts of the Old World, it was shown recently when six members of a Southern Rhodesia tribe were sentenced to death for burning alive a young man in order to appease the Rain goddess.

Cardinal Soldevilla y Romero, aged archbishop of Saragossa, was shot and killed while visiting a monastery in the vicinity of Saragossa, Spain.

Four hundred Spanish soldiers were killed in battle with 7,000 rebellious Moors who attacked a Spanish column in Morocco. The Spaniards were supported with airplanes and artillery and were escorting convoys.

Wisconsin law regulating employment agencies engaged in supplying strikebreakers has been held constitutional by the state supreme court.

Foreign commerce of the United States in March reached the highest point attained in any month since January, 1921, according to an analysis made public by the shipping board's bureau of research.

WHETHER the bandit attack on the Shanghai-Peking express May 6, in which a number of foreigners were kidnaped, was the result of a political plot, is the point on which the international commission of inquiry, headed by Bragidier General W. D. Connor, U. S. A., is concentrating.

Fourteen men were rescued last week after they had been thrown into the harbor at Baltimore, Md., when the Clyde liner Norfolk, outward bound, crashed into a barge used as a ferry and a tug that was towing it.

A report charging gross irregularities in the handling of accounts in the Michigan state highway department has been made public by Governor Alex J. Groesbeck.

Police of New York city as well as district attorneys have promised their full co-operation in aiding the federal authorities to enforce the Volstead law, it was announced after a conference called to discuss enforcement methods as a result of the repeal of the state law.

"Texas Jack" Sullivan, university graduate, world traveler and adventurer, will attempt to paddle across Lake Erie in a canoe on June 30, it has been announced.

Of the 100 radicals arrested in Tokio for an alleged plot to establish a Communist state, eight have been committed for trial.

Profiteers will be subject to public beatings with lashes, confiscation of property and permanent disbarment from business under a bill to be submitted to the Bulgarian assembly.

The Japanese cabinet has given Premier Kato and Foreign Minister Ushida power to negotiate a treaty with the Russian soviet government.

One hundred and four years old, blind and paralyzed, Charles Hing, Chinese, of San Francisco, denominated a "human wreck" by Federal Judge Partridge, was sentenced to 13 months in Leavenworth federal prison for peddling dope.

A heat wave struck the Yukon territory in Canada last week when the temperature was 91 in the shade and 120 in the sun.

Several persons were killed, thousands were driven from their homes and property damage was estimated at millions of dollars in many districts of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas flooded by torrential rains early this week.

Princess Christian, aunt of King George of England, died June 9. She was the third daughter of Queen Victoria.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS ASK AID FOR TRIPS TO FRENCH GRAVES

The six American war mothers who went to Paris to participate in the Memorial day exercises will organize a fight when they have returned to the United States to obtain legislation providing federal aid to enable the mothers of the 40,000 sons buried in France to visit their graves.

This was announced by Mrs. John Gallagher of Wayne, Pa., who heads the delegation, which includes Mrs. W. H. Bateman of Wayne; Mrs. Ida Mauger and Mrs. M. Bratley, both of Philadelphia; Mrs. M. Campbell of Burlington, N. J., and Mrs. Isabelle Grogan of Oakland, Calif., formerly of Philadelphia.

The plan, which will be organized throughout the country, through the United American War Mothers, will seek either to have the government provide trips for women in straitened financial circumstances or to allow mothers to travel on transports and pay the same rate as the families of army officers.

The delegation will leave soon as guests of the French government for a motor trip to the cemeteries and battlefields. Mrs. Gallagher's son, Corporal Edward Gallagher of the Fourth infantry, is buried in the Romagne cemetery, as also is Mrs. Mauger's son, Lieutenant Harry Mauger. The sons of Mrs. Bateman and Mrs. Groogan are buried near Fere-en-Tardois.

Mrs. Gallagher said:

"We feel that our sons are lying in friendly soil, and we are sure the majority of mothers who had the remains of loved ones brought home from France now regret their action. What can be more fitting than that the bodies of our boys should be lying in earth hallowed by their blood? They should stay here, but their mothers should be given every facility to allow them to come here."

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HAY FEVER

And Asthma TREATMENT sent any sufferer. Please state which you have. If it cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Write for treatment today. Give express office. W. K. STERLINE, 631 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

DOG IN THE COFFIN— Gets a Ride in Hearse.

Most ladies know that washday comes the first of the week. The good housekeeper and homemaker makes it a point to get this weekly task out of the way as scon as pos-

We have just read of a dear so-and-so who has a doll baby husband giving a big funeral to her pet dog which had eaten poisoned meat. The funeral was a big affair. The cost was near $1,000 and no

The coffin was silk lined and silver plated. The pallbearers were dolled dudes. The coffin was borne in a big motor hearse. Then the

Fido was the chief mourner, following the hearse by riding in a motor car. She was dressed in mourning. Great crocodile tears came crashing down her powdered cheek. It was a mighty sight

Fido never had the courage to tell mother. She never had a babe look from innocent eyes and that childish beam that will make the whole world a little better and better. She never had a single sacrifice or denied herself a single pleasure to have a dog to learn to call her mother.

That is the reason why we are telling this story and registering a protest against this dog funeral is the fact that the dog did not amount to much. We like to have respect for a good dog. We have none for those pink tea society dogs that are mere pets of women.

COUNTRY KIDS— Can Spell 'Em Down.

In several communities there have been spelling contests for young and old and between town and country. Good thing. Spelling is still a virtue sadly neglected in many schools.

Eight years ago Rural Welfare editor had charge of a state-wide spelling contest in Ohio. Township spelling schools were held. Then the town and township winners met at the county seat and spelled down. Then county champions came to the state capital at Columbus. Then there was a battle royal. The governor of the state did some of the pronouncing. Then other high state officers took a turn at pronouncing, and spelling.

There was a morning, afternoon and evening session. Midnight was past and still there were nearly a score still standing. Who were they? The answer is all country boys and girls who lived on the farms.

Other folks had stubbed their toes and taken their seats. It was a test of efficiency in one of the old-fashioned common sense branches of education.

Victories indicate that the country boy and girl should have as good a chance to get a good education as anybody else. They can get it and take care of it and make use of it. Let's learn to spell

THE JAP'S EAT DIET— Will You Dare to Try It?

The Island Empire of Japan people are well-nigh the runts of the earth when it comes to weight and stature. They are far from being five feet below the neck.

Centuries ago they cut out the use of milk as a diet. Then they began to shrink and shrivel. Then the cow was rescinded. Milk again became lawful food. Since then they have grown two inches in height have added to the length of the Jap and some to his width.

The Jap has an ambition to live a long time. He so regulates his eating to add years to his life. He has made a study of this question and pays rather close attention to his diet.

The Jap has adopted new combinations in selection of food for nourishment and habits of living. There is some common sense in these combinations. We may not agree with all of them. They are worth reading. Here they are:

Spend as much time as possible out of doors.

Eat almost only once a day.

Bathe not bath every day.

Wear thick woolen underwear.

Sleep at least six hours and never more than seven and a half. Keep the windows open and have the room dark.

Rest one day of the week to recuperate leisure.

Avoid excessive brain work and anything that arouses anger.

Widows and widowers should remarry.

Work in moderation.

Study as little as possible.

IS A HOG EVER HAPPY— A Billy Sunday Story.

Give a hog a chance and he will be a good hog. How many human hogs crowd all their life, deny themselves, abuse neighbors, give no thought to die as they lived? Here is a Billy Sunday story which well points a moral of selfishness. Read it and grow fat. Here it is:

Have you ever read, did you ever hear the story told by the late Leo Tolstoy? He tells of the man to whom the government gave as much land as he could cover in a day, starting at one point, going as far as he could in one direction, and returning to the starting point before the sun would set, and the land would be as long as the distance traveled and retraversed and one mile in width.

Early in the sun came tripping over the hills of myrrh, they gave the signal and away he went, over the hill and over the valleys, and he, looking to see what first he thought was a rabbit. It proved to be a lake, and jumping into a canoe, he hurriedly paddled to the farther side, and bounding out with a smile of triumph, said, "Ha, ha! Mine!"

Then he ran, and he saw a woodland path, the edge of which there bordered a little stream, and like the rabbit panting after the chase, from the bank he plunged in and wading and swimming and floundering, he climbed up the farther bank and said, "It's mine!"

Then on and on he ran, driven by avarice and greed, and when he gazed to the sky, staggering back, he threw his hands to his head and said "Great God." The sun had passed the meridian. He said, "I will have to retrace or I will lose it all and my efforts are for naugh."

Back he started over the hills and through the valley. He came again to the stream in which he had been wading and swimming and floundering, and he clambered up the farther bank. On and on he ran until he came to the lake. Hurriedly he leaped into the canoe and he paddled across and on he went. His friends saw that he was about to lose and they came out to cheer and inspire him in his struggle; and he tore off his coat, tore off his vest, cut with his knife and cut the shoes from his feet, threw off his hat, and with hair streaming in the wind, eyes bloodshot, muscles taut, on and on he ran, with the perspiration running down his cheeks like Damon of old.

And as he reached the starting point, the signal gun fired and he stumbled and cried, "I have won! I have won!"

But he remained still. They hurried to his side. They looked into his face. He was dead. He gained it, but it cost him his life.

BRINGING UP KIDS— Should Be Done Right.

"What are you reading, my boy?" asked a lad's mother.

"It's a book on raising kids and child training."

"Do you find it funny and amusing, my son?"

"I am not reading it for fun. I am trying to find out whether you are raising me properly, mother."

Do mothers need a book to raise children right? Did Lincoln's mother raise him by book rules? Is there any book equal to the instinct of the mother in raising children right? If she is the right kind of a mother a book might help her, but the child will be better raised on mother love and sense than it can be raised by use of any book only.

There is a big debate going on in some society circles as to how to grow kids. Most of this talk is in society circles. The main object is to find ways to raise kids with the least trouble, sometimes to the detriment of the child.

All will admit that there are many good and sensible books written on how to raise children, protect their health, promote their growth and develop their mind. But no book or method will ever be invented that will be worth as much as a good mother to the child.

YOUR FAVORITE HYMN— Is It in This List?

You have helped to sing many of the old-time church hymns. No doubt you were glad to join in this song service. No doubt you had your favorite selection in the old hymn book.

Here is an interesting story which we clip from the weekly paper published at a state soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home in which are listed 10 of the most popular hymns. Is yours in the list?

Here is the list:

As a result of a response of 32,000 titles, received following the publication of an editorial in The Etude, based upon a hymn census taken a few years ago by Dr. W. R. McMaster, president of Mount Union college, Ohio, the Etude in a recent number has taken the names of the ten most popular hymns of the United States.

The ten favorite hymns gained from the census are: "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Lead Kindly Light," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "Just as I Am, Without One Plea," "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name."

The Etude invited noted men and women in all parts of the country to give their favorite hymns so that many different callings could be represented. All creeds, all sections, all kinds of people are represented in this large census, in a manner is thought will be of great value to congregations electing to hold hymn services.

EIGHT HUNDRED FARMERS— Will Make Two-Week Trip.

Two hundred and ten automobiles and trucks and 800 men and women will make a two weeks' trip from Michigan to eastern states in August of this year.

This will be a crowd of Grangers who have made such a tour for the past four years. This will be the fifth. A complete camping and cooking outfit is taken along. This makes possible a touch of real outdoor life.

The camp and crowd will be thoroughly organized. Electric light brightens the camp every night. Song, music and entertainment are on the evening program. A warm welcome will be given to them at every stop.

A number of Michigan state police will be sworn in as United States deputy marshals and make the trip with this farmer crowd. The police will have full authority in any state in which they travel. Why not more of these trips? It's a vacation together away from home. Who says the old farm is not a good place to live, even in hard times and low prices.

WE AGREE WITH THIS— One Flag—One Language.

Commander Alvin M. Owsley of the American Legion hands out some good Americanism which we have urged in Rural Welfare. Here it is:

"Declared America must have one language, one flag and cultural unity, which can be reached only through education. Against any increase in immigration for the present the American Legion stands committed to unalterable opposition. There must be no more immigration to flood this country while an American education is lacking to any resident on our soil. We do not want to be Europeanized, we do not intend to be Balkanized, and we have built a wall as a notice to the world of that determination. That strong arm of defense and protection must not be torn down.

WAIT, JUST A MINUTE— Come to Think About It.

We met a man. He is mad if he smokes 20 cigars a day. He is mad if he does not smoke that many. In other words, he is a grouch and a good farmer. He hits the farm bureau and county agent and county school superintendent hard and has no use for them.

He says that the whole scheme of farm bureau, experiment station and all the other farm helps are for the purpose of increasing crop production and forcing a glut in the market and prices down.

He says that the whole scheme of easy credit to let the farmer deeper into debt has the same purpose in view. He thinks that the average farmer is sadly lacking in sense and tries to prove it. Think it over. We had a round with him.

HAVE YOU MET IT— Old Bushel Basket?

How many Blade folks have met the old-time farm bushel basket? Do you remember just about how big around and how deep it was? We used to think it was invented to break backs.

We have filled it with corn in the field and lifted it to the wagonbed with sideboards on. We used to husk corn for three and four cents a bushel and then had to help pick up and load the corn.

It requires 2,150 cubic inches to make a bushel. We used to wonder who it was made a bushel that size. We thought it was too big and too much corn to husk for three cents.

Of course we used to dig potatoes by the bushel. The hoe and basket were sure backaching tools of toil. Of course when we buy a bushel the basket is never too big.

We used to have a smaller basket, three times full made two bushels. Then there was our dinner basket. We never had any grudge against it. We used to work away from home and often take our dinner basket with us in the morning. In many ways the basket plays a part on the farm and in trade and business. But the bushel basket was the big one that used to make us tired.

TO OUT-LAW WAR— Women Are Busy.

The waste and worry of war should pass away. We have our doubts whether this dream will ever come true. From the time men began to grow upon this earth they seemed to have the desire to fight and kill.

The women of this country have started a movement to outlaw war. What a blessing if they succeed. Will they? Will men permit them to do it? So long as there is a chance to make millions out of war some of the smart fellows will let fools fight.

War upsets nations, markets, morals, money and trade. Women worry about sons, fathers and husbands. War has paved the way for human liberty in the history of the world. Why not prevent the cause of war is the big aim of women who are organizing to make war a crime. They propose to start in the public school with the children.

Here is a bit of wisdom which we clip from the monthly journal known as "The Service Star." It is worth while:

"That the proper teaching of children from babyhood up will result in a new generation believing in peace rather than war, was the statement made by Mrs. Robert C. Morris in presenting the announcement of an international convention of teachers to be held next year in California.

"We must not depend on statesmen, treaties and congressmen to prevent war," she said, "we must educate. When teachers from all over the world come together and revise the textbooks of all countries to remove from them all the sources of hate and misunderstanding between nations it will be a long step in the right direction."

"The greatest need of the women's organizations which survived the war was said to be a revival of the wartime spirit, the sinking of self in the idea of service."

THE COST PER PIG— Can You Cut It Down?

Two pigs or seven pigs. Which do you grow in one litter? We have before us a picture in which one farmer is smiling. The other farmer is mad.

In the mad picture there is a sow with two pigs. The grouchy farmer says these two pigs cost him $10 each. He is thinking of market day or butchering day.

In the happy picture are eight prosperous looking pigs. The good-natured farmer says they cost him only $1.50 each. He knew how to take care of pigs at less cost and how to insure a goodly litter.

Which picture, Mr. Farmer, do you belong in? Do you know how to get a big litter and how to raise it? Either one of these eight pigs are likely to be a better pig than either one of the two-litter pigs.

If some farmers can grow eight, 10 or 12 litters, what excuse have you for growing any less than your neighbor does? Think it over.

SENATOR KNUTE NELSON— A Friend of Agriculture.

In America you have to look out for the poor boy. You never can tell what this chap will do or how high he will climb. He has to be watched.

It takes hard knocks to knock off the rough edges and get a haiful of common sense. The farm boy has his full share of high honors and high places in peace and in war in America.

Some few weeks ago the black porter on a sleeping car attached to a fast flying train across the country found a man dead in his berth.

The man was the United States senator from Minnesota. Heart trouble or something else had snuffed out life's candle and a good senator's work was finished. The sad news flashed over the wires.

While in public life, he always, by act and word, showed that he was a true friend of the farm and the farmer. He was big-minded enough to know that the country could not be prosperous unless the farmer got his share of it. This virtue has been lacking in some our peanut politicians.

BLACKS COMING NORTH— Is It Wages and Votes?

Many reports indicate that the negroes of the South are coming North in large numbers. The North is booming. More jobs than men. The job is hunting the man.

Not so many necktie parties North as South. The black man is counted on election day. His wages are much better north of the Mason and Dixon line than south of it.

These are the main reasons given for this northward movement of the black man. What will this do to the South? What will it mean to cotton and tobacco growers and to the sugar farmers?

THE MOTOR INCREASE— Two Million a Year.

There are 13,000,000 motor vehicles in the United States. The number is increasing nearly 2,000,000 a year. Where is the end?

What does this mean to our public highways? Wear and tear and a lot of tax to build and to maintain our roads.

It is estimated that by the year of 1930 there will be 20,000,000 cars in this nation, including trucks. What a lot of gasoline this great army of vehicles will take in one day.

This vast number of autos and trucks will mean double the amount of traffic on our roads. In many places now there is almost a continuous procession on the roads. Many travel at unusual hours to avoid the rush and congestion.

Will we have to set back the road fences, fill up the ditches and make the roads twice or thrice as wide as they are now to accommodate the travel on our public highways? This dream may come true in our own lifetime.

TAX ON GAS— States Are Passing Laws.

During the past few months several states have enacted laws to tax gasoline used in motor vehicles on the public roads. This tax ranges from one to three cents per gallon.

In nearly every instance the money so collected must be used to keep the roads in good condition after they have been built. Very few states permit any of this gas tax money to be used for new construction of roads.

Road repair is always a good investment. Neglect to repair roads is always waste and extravagance of public funds.

In Ohio a gas tax failed because the road hog gang wants a lot of old stone and gravel roads to go to pieces so that smooth agents can sell high cost brick and cement for new roads. Get out of the mud and get the most miles of road for the money spent and then take care of them. Be sure that the road hogs do not talk more often to your county road officials than you taxpayers talk to them.

WHO OWNS FARM PAPERS— Who Are Farmer Friends?

In some states there is a debate going on as to who owns farm papers. This is an important matter. The question should be answered. In most cases these papers are free and clear from the charge that selfish interest own them and are helping to dupe the farmer and to destroy his farm organizations. These papers should not be wolves in sheep clothing.

THE WEEKLY BLADE— The Best Home Paper.

What is home without a family paper in which you have confidence? A one-sided paper with a special hobby may be dangerous. It may make its readers lopsided and an undesirable neighbor.

The home paper should be well balanced. It should be newsie and clean. Its tidings must be reliable and wholesome. It must not go too fast in any one direction that it can not stop in time to avoid danger. It must not go too slow that it cannot start in a new direction if the public welfare so demands.

The Blade has long fitted into the family circle and into the very heart of the American home. It has brought cheer to many good folks for many long years.

The Blade is unfailingly on the right side of every moral issue. It does not fear to fight for the right. It has the means at hand to get the news that is worth reading by its readers.

From its home in Toledo, O., it finds its way to the humble home in yonder valley or on the hillside or mountain top. The postman bears it across the plains to farm house, to village home and to city mansion. It fits those who have red blood and human thrills.

Like snowflakes falling from coast to coast the Blade bears its message onward and sprinkles good cheer everywhere. Its battle line is widely flung. It enters the home as a friend and welcome visitor. It has won its way to your fireside and hearthstone by downright merit.

The Blade has made better schools, better churches, better boys and girls, better men and women, and a better country in which to live and die. The Blade has had a mission and vision. It wears and improves with age.

The Blade has builded its castle on the cornerstone of common sense and morality. It has not wandered far from the ideals and virtues of the men and women who braved the perils of pioneer life to build the outlines of empire and republic in the western continent.

Invoice any issue of the Blade and in it you will find a dish of every good thing to read. The "Poets' Corner" and all the other corners may be an inspiration to their friends and neighbors.

Broadcast the Blade. Help it to reach more homes. Help to enlarge its mission. Tell your friends that you saw good stories and interesting news in this great family journal. You can make yourself contagious and by so doing be a blessing to your community. Do it now.

OLD WATER WITCH— With Witch Hazel Stick.

Have you ever seen an old lady playing the part of a water witch? She used a witch-hazel stick or peach tree fork. There may have been other breeds of trees or bushes that could be used, but these are the ones that linger in our memory.

Where to dig the well to find a vein of good water. That was the question that grandmother was trying to solve. If the stick would bend at a certain place as she wandered around the yard or place, then that was where grandmother stuck the spade into the ground and dug for water.

There used to be a lot of those old-time notions and superstitions. They did nobody any harm. Some of the old ways were more than mere fancy and dreams. Often they had a bit of common sense to back them up.

We like to think back about some of these customs and ancient ways.

HERE'S BOOZE BUNK— Wet Paper Fools Folks.

A wet newspaper publishes the following booze bunk in its editorial column:

"Farmers who voted for the eighteenth amendment now find their 'industrial alcohol privileges' annulled by the enforcement regulations and the price of gasoline doubled."

This rot is in line with bootleggers wanting to be sworn in as prohibition enforcement officers. The worm of the still dies hard. It is not dead yet.

In the meantime a lot of the upper crust booze fighters, who get on periodical drunks, are having their funeral notices printed in the newspapers and flowers sent to wear on their caskets.

LITTLE THINGS THAT WE CAN DO TO HELP SET WORLD STRAIGHT

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

I CAN vision no one big, outstanding thing that the men and women of our land may do at this time that will add materially to our safety and our welfare.

This is an "off year" politically; but socially and economically, it is a time of immense portent.

Slowly the old order changed up to the time of the World war. Since then changes have been so rapid and of such a vast importance that it requires swift marching to keep up with the procession.

Many of these enforced changes have been based upon necessity and have had real reason for being; many of them appeal to my old-fashioned soul as having no sense or reason, and the trend seems to me to be forcing us rapidly toward a state of decline as a nation.

Unquestionably we emerged from the war in the best condition of any of the involved nations; but at our best, we have not much to brag about when we take into consideration our multiple strikes, labor disturbances, excessive taxation, the high cost of rent and food—and no apparent reason as to why these things should be.

So this appeals to me as a time of small small things, speaking comparatively.

Since many of the things which annoy us the most are small, they are subject to individual effort by the preconcerted movement on the part of every reasoning, thinking man and woman. Much may be done toward bettering political, social and financial conditions for all of us.

A Sure Sign of Disaster.

First of all, I have no faith in the efficiency of a Godless nation.

Any nation that forgets God is headed toward rapid disaster.

If all of us would seriously and earnestly strive to renew the love of God in our own hearts, to follow the simple, pure teachings of Jesus Christ in our daily lives, it would result in a movement of uplift that would immediately be perceptible throughout the nation.

If we would truly try with all our might to "love our neighbor as ourselves," if we would honestly practice the good old stunt of "doing as we would be done by," just one-half the source of the present labor troubles and social unrest would vanish like mist before a compelling sun.

It would simply cease to exist.

Next in importance to God in the life of a nation, it is in my heart to exalt the home.

I propose that all of us join in a preconcerted effort to make our homes the best, the finest, the safest, the happiest places on earth.

Suppose we try out loving our homes with all our hearts.

Suppose we make them as beautiful as lies within our means and our power.

Suppose that we open our doors wide for the entertainment of our own children and our friends.

Suppose that we ask God to come in and be our most honored guest throughout the year.

If all of us will do this in a serious and preconcerted way, I am sure that another large slice of trouble will disappear forever.

Homes need not be all alike.

Some people enjoy show and glitter, and some love sheltered quiet. Let those who desire and who can afford them have the mansions of earth and all the extravagant trappings they can afford in their decorations.

Kind of Home I Love.

Give me a cozy little house with a red hearth and a starry roof, with enfolding trees and the song of running water. I doubt very seriously if any millionaire of our land ever felt so rich as I when, last Summer, a dove built a nest within two yards of the foot of my bed and a "fire bird" built three times and at each building brought forth a brood, in a wild grape vine within a few feet of my daily passing.

Riches mean buildings to one man, bonds to another, land to another; and to some they mean contentment with small possessions, a hearth, a book, a bird, a flower.

A big movement forward could be made if each man and woman of our land would stand staunchly by our lawmakers.

Since he is in office and he is ours, let each of us do all that we can to hold up the hands of our President.

Let us all try to realize that he came into power handicapped by the stress of war.

Let us acknowledge that to hold steady and to keep our heads above water at all is a big achievement.

I propose that we all hope for him, pray for him; and let us go further, and uphold every man that we have placed in a position of power.

We can all help toward ending the present period of lawlessness by each of us chivalrously obeying the spirit and the letter of the laws by which we are supposed to be governed.

Help the Churches.

We can all help toward better feeling and a better social and political condition by furthering the work of the churches, by broadening their influence.

They are mighty organizations, but they are not advancing as they could, and as they would, if each of us would do all we can toward extending and stabilizing their influence.

No effort for better schools is ever lost.

The finer, the more powerful, we can make our schools, the better brand of men and women they will return to us.

I am heart and soul in favor of the Brotherhood Movement, the Rotary clubs and the cultural clubs of all kinds for women.

To tell the plain truth, I am growing a mite fearful of the mighty influence and leavening power of these great clubs for women.

This is the thing that they are doing.

At least one day out of each week they are taking women from the monotony of home life and teaching them to reason, to think, to know for themselves, to stand squarely on their own feet and express their thoughts and opinions, to elaborate and defend their contentions.

In self-defense the business men of our country are going to be compelled to ask their wives to be content with a little less money in order that they may take at least one day a week and organize some cultural clubs for themselves, so that they may be prepared to be the mental as well as the physical companions of their wives.

A Plea for Poetry.

And I propose that all of us go back to our childhood love of the great poetry of the world.

Let us secure and read over the great lyrics, sonnets and tragedies that so thrilled and uplifted us, and then let us read carefully and become acquainted with the poetry that is being written today; that what of truth and beauty and inspiration it contains may not have been given birth in vain.

I propose that each of us shall read all the poetry that we possibly can; that we test it sincerely and try to decide for ourselves whether it really is poetry and why.

I scarcely think that it is safe to dismiss a new form that we do not understand, with a sneer. In mastering that form, in learning what it is all about, we might surprise ourselves by enriching our lives with great beauty.

At any rate, let us all take a few minutes to think seriously upon Keats. Today the cultured people of the world can find no greater poet, no man whose work is more beloved; and when we think of this, it is with sick hearts that we realize that this exquisitely fibred man literally had his heart broken and died a death of suffering at the hands of unsympathetic and wholly unjust critics.

It is a sickening thing to contemplate. I sincerely hope that each of us will do what we can to keep such a blot from again being placed on the pages of literature.

I wish that the newspapers and magazines would use more poetry, that our publishers would publish it. And this I can guarantee: they will do so if the people will make it plainly manifest that poetry is what they want.

The Uplift of Pictures.

I wish that every one of us who can possibly afford it would buy one picture to hang upon the walls of our homes.

If you would like a blaze of sunlight, a section of animal or human life reproduced for you exactly as God made things and man handles them, try Charles Russell, the only man of his kind, the greatest artist the world has ever known along his particular line.

If you are inland and would love to see upon your walls the wash of really wet waves, the flying mist of spray, the great, stable rocks of the seashore standing for ages the buffeting of the waves, there is Jack Smith; and if you would like to have a whole mountain of your own, purple and lavender with its feet in the waters and its head floating banners of gray mist, there is C. A. Faille—and so on, down a long list.

You would love these pictures, and oh, how glad the boys would be to see these works of their deepest inspiration where they would be loved and appreciated. And if your purse will not allow a painting, then an etching or a steel engraving of real dignity and merit.

To sum up, let all of us push forward in unison in a strong, steady sweep for righteousness, for home, for native land.

Let's make this "Day of Little Things" into one shining epoch of the biggest things that ever have happened in our loved country.

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ONE WOMAN WHO DARED

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 17 Is "Esther, the Patriot Queen"— Esther 4:13-5:3.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

IN the grave crises of life, when fear chills the heart of man, it is usually woman who plays the heroine. The same dainty creature that ordinarily shelters beneath man's protection, will stand forth dauntless, serene and even smiling before the heaviest bolts of misfortune. The miracle of marriage is that a delicate, sequestered girl, used only to ease and irresponsibility, becomes the strong, noble woman, keen visioned and fearless, to sustain, counsel and inspire the heart of man in life's sorest battles. As Joquan Miller sings:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

Most heroic, as well as most fully drawn, of all the women of the Old Testament, is Esther, the beautiful queen, whose loyalty to her people in a dark hour is the theme of Sunday school study next Sunday all over the world. Not in all respects was she a model for girlhood, but her virtues deserve emulation. In its outstanding features her life is worthy to survive as an example. And aside from all its teachings, the story is one of the most romantic in Holy Writ.

In a choice of queens by the Persian King Ahasuerus, Esther, the beautiful cousin of Mordecai, one of the evile Jews, was chosen. But one Haman, an enemy of Mordecai, to whom he had refused to do honor, was elevated to the post next the king. In spite, Haman persuaded the king to sign an edict for the extermination of all the Jews—such as now impends in Russia and eastern Europe. His malignity would not be satisfied with encompassing the death of Mordecai; he must have his kindred also. All the exile Jews scattered throughout the wide domain of Ahasuerus put on sackcloth and ashes. So garbed, Mordecai appeared outside the palace gate. His royal cousin, disturbed, sent him finer raiment. But his grief lay too deep for apparel to remedy, and he returned to the sheltered queen the news of the calamity that had befallen their people and pleaded with her to intercede with the king in behalf of the condemned Jews.

Little Troubles and Big.

Like most persons who are hindered from doing great service by petty cares, Esther had troubles of her own which loomed larger on her little horizon than any national disaster. She had not been summoned into the king's presence for 20 days, and apparently he was growing cold toward her. This, to her woman's eyes, looked like woe great enough to blot out all others. Besides, it was death for one to enter uninvited into the king's presence, unless the scepter of clemency should be extended.

This man Mordecai was very much of a man; he had evidently trained Esther well, for he now spoke plainly to her. Did she but know it, the girl queen had reason to be grateful for at least one blunt friend. Truthfulness is always better than politeness. The listless wife of the fitful slave of appetite who sat on the throne needed to be roused from her engrossment in her own trouble, and her brooding over the king's neglect. These were the sharp words that did it: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then will relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house will perish."

Some one has said that the best cure for most of our worries is some big, real trouble. Thus Esther's worry was cured. She was losing her soul and spoiling her beauty by frittering them away in petty and anxious thoughts. More lives are stunted than are broken down. Littleness is the big sin of most hearts. Lack of great ideals, noble purposes, heavenly visions, is what atrophies the finest powers of men and women. Happy is the man or woman who can merge himself or herself into a great cause, forgetting the vexations of the moment in devotion to a glorious goal.

Why One Woman Reached a Throne

This was the striking of the hour of opportunity for Esther—and she heard it. Happy woman! The saddest fate in life is to have been deaf to the summons of opportunity. The story is told of a poet who did not sing the songs he heard, and after the voices had grown silent he tried to summon them back, but in vain. Thenceforth life was the bitterness of regret to him. The ears of Esther's spirit were keen; she caught the divine note in Mordecai's stern words: "Who knoweth whether thou are not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"

The phrase arrested the young Jewess' attention, and stirred the religious depths of her spirit. She had been nurtured on the national story of Divine leadings; perhaps even for her Jehovah had a mission. Doubtless this was the hour when there dawned upon her soul—most spirits know the experience—the conception of life as something else than a plaything.

There was a great purpose in her existence, a great work for her to do. Then she perceived that the only success in life—the only prize really worth striving for, the thing beside which all the gorgeousness of the court became as mere tinsel—was to do the work that she was called upon to do. In a flash, Esther understood that her own royal lot was of account merely as it might be made a pathway to safety for her people. And Esther followed her vision.

As a Heroine Met Her Hour.

Moving in a golden haze of spiritual exaltation, her soul fired with that glow of patriotism which has given history its most shining pages, the young woman made reply. She would go to the king. But in this ordeal she needed the support of the sympathy of all her people. So she entreated Mordecai that for three days all the Jews in the capital should join with her and her maidens in fasting and spiritual preparation for her great task.

How hearts hunger for the help of other hearts! This was an early instance of the plaintive plea and confession of helplessness that is heard thousands of times every week in gatherings of Christians today—"Pray for me!" When it is really most courageous, the spirit feels humblest and most helpless.

"If I perish, I perish," was the truly royal resolution of the queen, who in this day of testing was learning that there are better things than mere life. It was Satan who said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and, like everything else that Satan says, it is a lie. All history disproves it; there has never been an age too dark to furnish instances of men and women who have prized honor and country and friendship and faith and service above life itself. As these words are being read there are myriads of men and women who are freely pouring out their lives upon love's altar. Better far to perish nobly than to live cravenly.

Way of a Woman.

God made woman fair, which was his way of giving her power. To woman beauty, to man strength. But strength does the will of beauty. The Puritan notion which frowns upon woman's making the most of her God-given charms has its foundation somewhere else than in the laws of nature and of God. He who made woman the fairest flower in all His beautiful garden of creation, endowed her with these rich gifts of person and of spirit that she might be able to lead the world to its highest and best estate. Most persons find Heaven by following the gentle leading of a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife or child. This is woman's highest right and duty.

There was a sanity as well as heroism in Esther's manner of pleading the cause of her people. She arrayed herself in her best. All that woman wit could devise and the resources of the court command she utilized to help her make a favorable impression upon the king. She might have gone wan and white, with tear-stained face and heedless of dress; but vain sacrifices are tragedies in a two-fold sense.

Of course the king extended to her the scepter, which signified favor, and thus the Jews were saved from a terrible fate, an escape which is celebrated every year in the Feast of Purim. Because one woman dared, all Jews of her time were saved; and her people were given a perpetual memorial of happiness.

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MILLIONAIRES' RANKS THINNED

Revenue Bureau Reports Only 21 Have Incomes Exceeding Million.

The ranks of America's millionaire taxpayers continue to grow thinner, according to statistics of income for 1921, made public by the internal revenue bureau, which shows that of the 6,662,176 firms and individuals filing returns for 1921, only 21 had incomes exceeding one million dollars. This represents a decrease of 12 from the number receiving million-dollar incomes in 1920, and compares with 65 in 1919, 67 in 1918, 141 in 1917 and with 206 in 1916.

There was a falling off in the total of returns filed for 1921, from the 7,259,944, filed for 1920, but the 1921 total was greater by nearly 1,330,000 than that for 1919. Indications already have been given that final computation of returns for 1922 will show another drop as compared with the high mark of 1920.

On the basis of the 1920 census however, the income tax payments for 1921 would allow each person in the United States a net income of only $187.65 and would result in the payment of only $6.79 per person.

The statistics showed that 115,356 women filed returns as the heads of families, while 608,829 other women reported to the treasury on incomes received by them individually.

DOG EATERS TRY BEEF AND PORK MENU IN BAGUIO

Non-Christian Tribesmen Express Their Taste of Domestic Meats.

The dog market of Baguio has disappeared entirely and the eating of canine by the Igorots, a non-Christian tribe inhabiting the mountain province, has been reduced to a minimum, according to Colonel Henry Knauber, head of the constabulary academy at Baguio.

"Introduction of the meat of cattle and hogs has turned the Igorots, who formerly ate dogs, into eaters of meats recognized by the civilized world as eatable," said Colonel Knauber. "These people had to have some kind of meat and years ago the only animal they knew was the dog. When civilization introduced cattle and domestic hogs these mountain people quit eating dogs. Only a few scattering cases of dog eating have been reported for some time, and these were among the people living far back in the hills."

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Every woman, every man, can now have a face clear as a Rose-Petal!

are enough rich red-blood-cells in it. More red-blood-cells! That is what you need when you see pimples staring at you in the mirror. Blackheaded pimples are worse! Eczema is worse yet! You can try everything under the sun,—you'll find only one answer, more cell-power in your blood! The tremendous results, produced by an increase in red-blood-cells is one of the A. B. C.'s of medical science. Red-cells mean clear, pure, rich blood. They mean clear, ruddy, lovable complexions. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood. They mean freedom forever from pimples, from the blackhead pest, from boils, from eczema and skin eruptions, from rheumatic impurities, from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S. S. S. will build them for you. S. S. S. has been known since 1826, as one of the greatest blood-builders, blood-cleansers and system strengtheners ever produced. S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores. The large size bottle is more economical.

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again.

Curious P. O. Woman Read Friends' Mail

A woman's curiosity was responsible for the appearance in federal court in Indianapolis of Mrs. Mary Deering, assistant postmaster in Valpan, Ind., said Homer Elliott, district attorney.

The charge of tampering with letters in the Valpan postoffice resulted from Mrs. Deering's curiosity as to the contents of the missives for nothing was missing from the envelope.

"While that's what caused Lot's wife to turn to a pillar of salt, I always thought that a rather severe punishment," said the judge.

He then imposed a technical sentence of a day in jail and told her husband, who is the postmaster, that he might return home with his assistant in the evening.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1923

All men are born equal but some soon grow odd.

Many religious cloaks are cut on the bias.

Fate is blamed for many things that are the result of pure cussedness.

Merely as a matter of conjecture, if his family tree was a quaking-asp and hers a weeping willow—what happens to the poetic line about the sturdy oak?

Lima Beane thinks the theory that people are what they eat has made strawberries more popular than prunes.

It's keeping the painted ladies pretty busy to spread it on thicker than the nice girls.

There is something in Mr. McAdoo's charges that the administration is "wiggly and wobbly." It is wiggling out of debt and has set the country wobbling on its way toward general prosperity.

Europe sometimes acts as if she would like to be our mother-in-law.

The follow who minds his own business doesn't get much publicity.

Most of the discussion arises from the effort to equip old-fashioned religion with a speedy motor and pneumatic tires.

Paderewski made a half a million dollars on his latest tour of America. And it is probable the persons who used to hear him practice thought he would never amount to anything.

Men strive for success so the failures will have somebody to knock.

Usually, when a woman explains how she killed the man, probably her husband—there was a scuffle, a shot then everything was blank, including one cartridge in the gun.

Probably Mr. Bryan has talked to more people who didn't agree with him than any other man in the country.

A man isn't necessarily ready for business simply because he gets up early and begins the day with a lie.

Petticoats are said to be coming back. Worse things could happen.

When two women are using the phone it's no lie about the line being busy.

Nations that have been doing the most talking about war have been doing the least toward paying their debts.

"Mr. McAdoo says the world needs American aid." So does the United States.

There are some, of course, who would be desperate enough, if the opportunity presented itself, to put the bar back in Barleycorn.

What we would like to have the evolutionists explain is, why did the ape backslide?

This country, it is said, has too much gold. Seems that we must have a yellow peril.

Pursuit of happiness takes people away from home, where happiness ought to have a permanent abiding place.

This is the season when the average man is busy shaping his head to fit what the manufacturers have decided is a straw hat.

Poverty must be one of the blessings that come to mankind in disguise.

One time when a man doesn't think of himself is when he is voicing the old notion that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

Gorky says bolshevism is a skin disease. Let 'em scratch, we say.

President and Mrs. Harding were submerged in flowers by Washington children. Notwithstanding children are imaginative and full of fancies, they believe in literal demonstration of affection.

Compatibility in the home is more desirable than a clothes chute.

Well, if the Presbyterians didn't drink, signing the pledge wouldn't hurt them; and if they did drink, signing the pledge would do them good. For once Mr. Bryan had all the logic on his side.

"We'll make Taft resign," says Debs. And Debs makes a living by that sort of fool talk. This is a nation of opportunities.

When religionists quarrel about religion, as they frequently do, sinners classify as innocent bystanders.

Though they are accessories before the fact not much is said of June grooms.

One reason the Declaration of Independence has a strong appeal to human souls is that it doesn't consume eight or ten thousand words.

Clara Phillips says she is innocent. Probably didn't know the hammer was loaded.

People are so honest it is necessary to have three or four lawyers examine and fortify every contract that is made.

Grievances die young if not nursed.

You would have to go a long way to find anything more ridiculous than the idea of having each state of the United States decide for itself what per cent of alcohol is intoxicating.

Do you think you hate a lot of people? Well, put aside your prejudices, sit down in the quiet atmosphere of your own conscience and count 'em on your fingers. Chances are you'll have fingers to spare.

The One Workable Cure

Henry J. Allen, who used to be governor of Kansas and recently has been running a trained eye over social, political and economic Europe, is another American who doesn't think we can be much aid to the Old World. Like Senators McCormick and Moses he has been forced to the conclusion that the United States has no remedy for a fever induced by war and aggravated by post-war ambition and wild unreasonableness. The disease must run its course. Normalcy will be indicated by the greater resort to self-help.

"It is impossible," says Mr. Allen, "to place all Europe in one category. Some parts are very bad and there also are several bright spots. "Southern Russia is improving because the peasants are attempting to work the land with the old vigor. Greece is reviving. There seem to be possibilities that Germany will be forced by France to make a fair reparations offer and undertake to carry it out.

Every hopeful sign counts. It is noticeable that our own travelers see more of these betterments than do the European journalists and authors whose comments are published in this country. These gentlemen appear to have discovered a queer satisfaction in sounding the darkest deeps of pessimist. Mr. Wells sums up his views in call these times "the age of confusion."

The important point for Americans to keep in mind is that it hardly makes any difference what we try to do for Europe it cannot take the place of self-help. Our entrance into the League of Nations probably wouldn't do anything more than excite an hour or two of comment. Europe itself is "off" the League and is engaged now in developing alliances after the ancient pattern. One English observer, three years ago a boomer for the League, denounces the institution today as a "self-satisfied futility." Joining the Hague court might be a formal advertisement of our good will. But our interest in cases before it would be confined to those which affect us and care would be taken to prevent our becoming involved in the fog and labyrinth of European politics. Even loans would serve little. The outlay of the money would be under the control of those same statesmen who are playing costly games with one another.

Time is an essential factor in the treatment of all fevers. A very generous allowance of it must be made in the case of Europe. The best thing we can do—and, indeed, the only practical thing for us—is to wait the development of events and where evidence is offered that Europe intends to help itself toward convalescence and sound health to give what encouragement we can.

Our Fighting History

It would ask too much of any student of American history to recite the names of the 104 wars with which this nation has had to deal as one of the principals. For a time in our career they came so fast that they interfered with one another. Some were over before the news of them reached the public. Yet most of them, while they lasted, were brisk and deadly.

In the period between the Civil war and the one with Germany there were twenty-seven occasions when the army had to go into active service. You will think of the war with Spain as one, the Philippine insurrection as another and that target practice at Vera Cruz and along the border as a third. But older persons will recall the Modoc campaign and troubles with the Sioux which persisted to as late as 1891. Then there was that series of lively fights known as the Ute war. In the same year was the bloody argument with the Nez Perces. Did you ever hear of the Tin Horn war? There was such a one. In the Winter following the Santiago battle, the Chippewa Indians put up a fair imitation of rebellion and soldiers who went out against them faced not only the prospect of sudden death by bullet, but also of slower death by freezing.

According to the war department records there has been a call for military activities for every year and a half of the country's career. We are far from being as mild and unwarlike as the pacifists make us out to be. The United States fights when she has to—and there is evidence enough that under the pressure of circumstances the nation has not lacked the aggressiveness to take the fight where the chances for being damaged are thickest.

Another Glacial Age?

Captain Donald B. MacMillan, sailing again for the Arctic regions, announced that one of his aims was to attempt to find whether North America was about to come into the chill embrace of another glacial age.

This is a reminder that though science knows a great deal about what the several ice invasions did to this continent—how they carved and rounded mighty mountains, chiseled and fluted the hardest granite, tore away the faces of cliffs, scooped out beds for lakes where lakes had not been before, changed the drainage lines of rivers and covered all of Canada and half of the United States with mud and sand and gravel and boulders—this same science does not know with exactness what caused the glacial incursions.

Man did not come into the New World until after the last of the glacial periods. But he existed in Asia and Europe while the winds from the vast ice fields swept out of the North. This was the hardest battle with nature that the race ever fought. It sharpened the wits of men. It gave them resourcefulness. It provided them with instincts which govern today more than the devices of civilization. Man may be said to be a thinking animal, capable of flights that touch the frontiers of heaven and capable as well of rivaling both the rat and the pig, because of the struggle to live in an environment made hostile to him by the ice. He may seldom have glimpsed the face of the glacial wall. But it was there and established the character of the climate.

It would be thousands of years before another glacial age could come again and heap up its ice upon the ruins of our northern cities. So even if MacMillan learns that ice is accumulating in the Arctic faster than it melts away there will still be no occasion for present worrying. A flourishing civilization may be existing in the valley of the Amazon while, far away to the North, the glaciers are grinding the smiling hillside of today into something only a road-builder could use.

The Flight Out of the South

An attempt has been made to show that the northward migration of Negroes is a quest for relief from oppressive social conditions, a flight from hatred and prejudice, a burning desire to exercise constitutional rights denied at home.

One may question if the colored people gain anything by the fostering of this error. The plain truth is that the Negroes have come into the North by the many thousands these recent years simply and solely because their economic conditions have been improved thereby. This section is the section of high wages. It is the section that suffers first when a labor famine prevails. The Negroes have come not merely upon their own initiative, but also by reason of the activities of employment agents. In 1919, trainloads of workers were brought out of the South straight into the industrial districts.

Governor McLeod is quite correct in saying that "race prejudice prevails in the North and in the West" and further—as it does not everywhere in the South—"expresses itself not only as against the individual, but en masse." There are said to be more members of the Ku Klux Klan above the Mason and Dixon's line than below it, and while the Klan appears to be willing, for defensive purposes, to compromise with nearly every intolerance it holds it has clung tightly to its dislike of the Negro.

It is giving the coloredo people small credit for intelligence to say that they have joyfully broken with home ties in order to come into a land where they might vote. No race has been exploited politically more than the Negroes. No whisper of political corruption has persisted longer than that connected with the Southern delegations to national conventions. The average Negro sees little of benefit for himself in exercising the franchise, and long ago in the South he gleaned from it all its possibilities of interest and excitement.

A sable hotel bellboy was heard to say, "Im goin' to work here until I get $3,000 and then I'm goin' back to Mobile and never work again." His ambition may be more feeble than that of most of his racial brothers, yet it probably reveals fairly accurately the ideas of thousands of the migrants. They are here because there is money to be earned faster than at home. The ties with the South are not broken.

Making Flying Commonplace

Georges Barbot brings us nearer to the real Flying Age. If his baby plane, as he calls it, is practical and will do the stunts he swears it will it will be no time at all before flying machines will be as common as robins. No one can say that the American people are anxious about their necks, seeing how forty years ago they took to the tall bicycle and today will speed an automobile around a mountain curve.

It has been the price which has kept the airplane an investmnent mostly of the government and the speculative flyer for hire.

What we would like to know more than anything else just now is the kind of life that folk on the surface of the earth will lead when, overhead, the sky hums with the noise of arial flivvers. What will be the insurance hazard of the plowman, for instance, if at any moment a monkey wrench may come hurtling its way out of the clouds? What is a nice flat field of growing wheat going to be worth if it becomes the preferred spot for forced landing? Who is to settle the damage that a $500 baby plane can—and sometimes will—do to the upper windows, the cornices and roof, of an apartment building?

Flying as a sport for everyone will not only enrich the factories specializing in the machines, but also the legal profession. The budding lawyer will be wise who prepares for the new business ahead of him.

Now and then a woman who pretends to have no use for men hyphenates the nomenclature of two or three former husbands and totes them around as part of her signature. Why the surplus baggage?

"New York has only 20 per cent American born residents." Which is all right so far as America is concerned, provided the 80 per cent doesn't try to run the whole country.

We hope the minority never gets hold of one of these things scientists say can magnify the human voice twelve thousand times.

A writer says only a genius should marry a genius. He's wrong. Two geniuses in a family would wreck the furniture.

SCHIEBERS AND RAFFKES

Millionaire Drones Swarm in Germany

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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GERMANY swarms with millionaire drones, bred in the beehive of the war and fattened on the honey of army contracts. It has others who have made fortunes in the rise and fall of the mark, and in shady speculations, often contrary to law, on the varying conditions since the Versailles treaty was made. Many of these new-rich were paupers in 1913. Some had little house industries, running sweatshops with a few machines in the back rooms of tenement buildings. As the war demands increased they bought more machines, and finally had enough money to establish factories and bid for big contracts and get them. Some made fortunes on a screw or special pin they had invented, and others foisted on the people and government paper-soled shoes, shoddy clothing and jerry-built houses. Hundreds amassed wealth by selling goods they pretended to have, relying on the rise of prices to resell their contracts. All they had to do was to keep on buying and selling, for the prices continually rose and they were sure to make money.

How Schiebers Made Fortunes.

One of the contemptuous names for these new-rich is "the schieber." The word comes from "schieben," which means smuggling, the schiebers being those who smuggled things in from Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and Sweden during the war, trading in materials that were supposed to be controlled by the government. There were many such and they made a great profit. These men are now engaged in chain-selling, which is forbidden by law. They find a cheap product which can be smuggled into the country, or cheap goods made in Germany which are escaping the taxes, and speculate in them. They take orders from one another, selling the goods over and over—adding a commission—all of which comes out of the ultimate consumer. For instance, a schieber bought a lot of tent canvas when the army was being dissolved, at 10 cents a yard. He offered a brother schieber a part of the stock at 15 cents a yard, and the latter sold the same stuff at 20 cents. In the meantime the price of canvas went up, and the goods passed from hand to hand until they came back again to the first schieber, who paid 30 cents, not knowing he was buying back the same stuff he had sold at 15. Most of such selling is without seeing the goods, the transactions being on paper, with the idea that the last buyer will pay.

Many men have made money by betting on the unearned increment, buying cheap real estate and selling it as the prices have risen. Most of such purchases were made "on a shoe string," as the saying goes, only a small amount in cash being paid with long-time notes for the balance. As the value of the mark fell the schieber was able to pay off the mortgage at one-hundredth or one-thousandth of its original value, and thus he grew rich. The conditions here have been just the reverse of those of other countries. The man deepest in debt is now the best off, for he can pay his debts, contracted in gold, in marks which are not worth the paper on which they are printed. The speculation in real estate is so promising that foreign investors have bought up some of the best properties in the chief German cities. There is one district in Berlin, known as the Bavarian section because its streets are named after towns in Bavaria, where so much property has been acquired by Hollanders that the people have nicknamed it "Dutch Berlin." The Russians, also, own valuable real estate.

Food Speculations.

A great many of the schiebers have made money in food which they smuggled in and sold secretly when the government had the nation on rations, and a vast deal has been made in buying and selling industrials, both here and abroad. These men belong to a different class from the really great captains of industry, such as Hugo Stinnes and others. The latter are doing an actual business in cash, and it is they whose millions are supposed to be stored away in the banks of the sound financial nations. These people, and in fact all of the conservatives of Germany, have a contempt for the schiebers. The common people hate them and class them all profiteers who are feeding fat off the miseries of their fellows.

The schiebers are known by their ostentation. They go about in fur coats and rich raiment. They are among the few who have automobiles, and they always travel first-class. They now own the fine houses and are gradually buying palaces in fashionable Berlin. One sees the babies of these new millionaires, gorgeously dressed, with nurses to match, in the parks. The Vend nurses used to belong to the aristocrats but they are now employed by the schiebers as their fantastic caps are thought to be a sign of wealth on the part of the person who hires them.

It is the schiebers who are now paying the greater part of the luxury tax, and they own what is known as the luxury dog. Here in Germany we have dogs free of tax which labor, hauling carts as they do in Holland. There are also the common curs, which, if taxed at all, are taxed lightly. But the half-shaved poodle and the aristocratic deer hound, reaching almost to the waist of his mistress, have to pay a big license and form an important part of the luxury revenues.

Some Stories of Schiebers.

The old rich do not recognize the standing of the schieber, and the intellectuals, by whom I mean the professional men, artists, scientists and literary characters, rather pride themselves on their poverty in contrast. Indeed, all sorts of stories are told of the mistakes made by the new-rich. One I heard today relates to a student who recently asked his schieber hostess whether she liked Dickens. She replied: "I can't say that I care for them. We had some at Hiller's restaurant on Unter den Linlen; the other day, but really lobsters are more to my taste."

The student thereupon asked the lady what she thought of Beethoven's latest novels. She answered: "I like them all right, but I thought he was dead." She based this on the fact that she had lately bought a picture of him and that portraits of literary men were seldom sold until they were dead. She had no idea that Beethoven was a composer of music.

Another story now going the rounds is about a schieber who had ordered his wife's portrait painted by a well-known Dresden artist. When the picture was completed he asked his wife how she liked it. She was delighted and the schieber ostentatiously said to the artist: "You may make me a dozen and a half, exact copies of this."

It was at the opera house in Hamburg that the wife of a rich schieber and the wife of a former senator of the old regime sat side by side, when Madame Schieber asked Madame Senator to explain the scene on the stage. Madame Senator did so at the next pause and Madame Schieber was so delighted that she asked whether Madame Senator always sat in the seat that she then occupied. The latter replied that she could not afford to go to the theater often and was there only because she had a free ticket from a friend who was unable to use it. Thereupon Madame Senator felt a hand creeping towards her, and when the lights came on she found she had been given a bunch of notes of small denominations, chicken-feed as the Germans call them, which just equalled two cents. She was amused and handed back the money with the sarcastic remark that she was always glad to give information gratis to those who had not had a chance to learn things in school.

And just one more story concerning a practical old man whose son was a schieber. The son was giving a house-warming and both he and his wife were ostentatious in showing their new dishes and aristocratic methods of serving. The old man grew warmer and warmer as innovation after innovation appeared, until, when the finger-bowls were brought in, he raised one to his lips and, looking around the table, said he supposed water was all right in these after-war days, but as for him, he always preferred a dash of whisky in his. The face of Madame Schieber blushed fire but the father drank, nevertheless.

Among the Raffkes.

Another class of the new rich is known as the "raffkes." The word comes from "raffen," which means to sweep together and carry off hastily. The raffke is second cousin to the schieber. He makes money in the stock exchange, backed by tips and borrowed funds, and often comes home a mark millionaire. He is of a little higher grade than the schieber, for he must know something of stocks to be able to foresee the trend of events; but he is a well-known character in Germany. He is of all classes, from the big raffke who starts with some capital, to the little raffke who climbs up from the gutter. The little raffke may live in a small apartment in a poor neighborhood and have to figure on every cent of his household expenses when he starts in to speculate. He rapidly rises and within a few months may have some millions of marks. He then gets a cook and maid for his wife, moves into a better neighborhood and climbs to a higher social circle. He buys a house or builds one, mortgaging everything to the limit, and paying his debts as the mark falls lower and lower. He may have borrowed 10,000,000 marks when the mark was a thousand to the dollar, an amount that was then equal to $10,000 in gold. If he has not already paid the notes he can now clear off his mortgage for about $500, making a profit of $9,500 merely by paying his debt.

It is the schiebers and raffkes who are the chief support of the gambling hells of Berlin and of the dance halls, at some of which the girls wear only a little more clothing than Eve preceding the fall. The gambling goes on in well-appointed parlors and in every grade of society. It is for all sorts of stakes, from millions of marks down to bottles of wine, which are sometimes won at roulette.

Some of the dance halls are palaces. There is one, within a short distance of the palace of President Ebert, which accommodates 500 people. The dancing floor is surrounded by tables at which men and women sit drinking champagne, watching the crowd whirling about in the semi-licentious dances so popular in these modern times. Some of the people are eating and at all such dance halls one can get excellent food. There are several hundred in Berlin and until the French came into the Ruhr and cut down the coal supply the dancing went on the greater part of the night.

The schiebers and raffkes and the foreigners keep up the big hotels and restaurants of Berlin. You may see them at the Adion, the Esplanade, the Kaiserhof and other high-priced hotels, and the tourists, considering them a type of existing conditions, cannot realize the bankruptcy of Germany.

And, indeed, it is hard to believe in these stories of poverty when one goes to the resorts of the rich. Take the Mercedes restaurant where I dined last night. It is on Unter den Linden, two blocks from the Brandenburg Tor. A man in uniform opens the door. We check our coats with the two girls in the lobby and enter a room, the walls of which are of brocaded satin as red as the sun at its setting. The windows are of stained glass, like those of a church, and three great electric chandeliers of cut glass hang from the white panelled ceiling.

From this we go into a circular room, with similar windows but with walls of carved ebony, curtained with velvet, and a ceiling which is a dream of decoration in carving. Both rooms have many small tables and each has a crowd as well-dressed as any you will find in New York. The linen is of the finest damask. There is wine on each table and the wine glasses come from Bohemia. The waiters speak English and French as well as German, and everything seems to be at the pinnacle of luxury and good taste until you look at the schiebers. Some seem to be at a loss in their dress clothes. Here is one who has tucked his napkin under his chin, and another has trouble in keeping the peas from rolling off his knife on their way to his mouth.

The most of the crowd, however, are as well-behaved, if I may except the loud talking, as those in similar places of the world.

Good Food at Low Cost.

And then the food at these restaurants. It would tempt a Lucullus, and one cannot imagine that just over the way people are in rags and half starved. We pick up a menu and order a dinner for two. We have first clear turtle soup, then a fish, with a pheasant cooked while we wait, a salad of lettuce and tomatoes, and asparagus with fruit and ice cream for dessert, and coffee to close. We have wine with our meal and the whole costs, for the two, just about one American dollar. As I look over the bill I find that the pheasant is put down at 25 cents. I have seen the same item on an a la carte menu in New York with the price at $5. The charge for the asparagus, translated into American money, equals 10 cents, and the delicious clear turtle soup is one cent and a half. These prices seem cheap out of all reason and they are an evidence to many travellers of the good condition of Germany in that one can buy food so cheaply. When it is remembered, however, that out of these small sums must be paid the farmers who raised the vegetables, the hunters who shot the game, the wholesale and retail market men, the cooks who prepared the meals and the waiters who served them, and the general upkeep of this gorgeous restaurant, one sees that the scale of wages must be exceedingly low and the people equally poor.

But the Germans who are not rich eat in restaurants, too. The old conservatives who have lost their fortunes cannot dine at a score of such establishments as I have described. Some of them patronize the middle-class wine restaurants such as Kempinski's, where one gets a good meal with a glass of wine for about 25 cents, or they can go to the Munich beer restaurants where they can have a glass of beer for 16 cents, or to restaurants of a still lower claas which serve a quick lunch and beer at from six to eight cents. The people who frequent these places start reading the bill of fare at the prices and the meal is chosen to suit the purse, not the stomach. There are also small taxi-driver hounts where a meal with a jigger of whisky is served for less than five cents.

In the Charity Kitchens.

In addition to the restaurants of which I have written, there are some which the foreigner seldom finds without seeking. These are the public kitchens and these of the middle class. Public kitchens are to be found in every part of Berlin. They are supported partly by the customers who pay from one cent to one-third cent per meal, partly by the gifts of charitable people, and partly by the municipality. The food is good but it consists mostly of vegetables, served in a bowl and eaten with a spoon. Bread seldom accompanies such meals.

The middle-class kitchens are maintained in co-operation with the Housewives' League. They serve dinners at an exceedingly low price, and so far have been self-supporting. They are frequented by the educated middle class and to some extent by the former nobility and rich, who are too proud to accept charity. These restaurants are plainly furnished. They have clean wooden tables, upon which often are flowers. The customers are quiet and well-behaved, and the waitresses are often reduced gentlewomen who are glad to do work of this kind for the warm meal they receive free of charge. Only the kitchen help get a salary, and the cooks are often pupils of the cooking schools kept up by the Housewives' League.

Million Dollar Children of Germany

—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

GERMAN profiteers enjoy displaying their newly gained wealth by engaging as nurses Vend girls who, in their curious headdresses, were formerly employed only by the aristocracy.

ABE MARTIN

Mrs. Joe Lark, Democrat, wuz overwhelmingly chosen fer president o' Th' Women's Votin' Club, as ther's no p'litical election this Fall.

If anybuddy that works as fast as a plasterer is worth $10.50 a day, how could th' average workman live on what he earns?

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

The Speed Cop

THE SPEED cop rides his motorcycle, his costly shield upon his breast, pursuing James or Pete or Michael, who knocks the statutes galley west. In rain and shine and in the blizzard he chases Jones or Smith or Brown; the motion lacerates his gizzard and turns his liver upside down. And after chasing some offender, at sixty-seven miles an hour, and ruining his best suspender, he's feeling grim and peeved and sour. He overtakes the nutty speeder, and says, "You're pinched, and you'll be fined; of all speed demons you're the leader—you leave chain lighting far behind." Then if the speeder keeps his senses he will be gracious and polite; he will not add to his offenses by cussing that official wight. He'll say, "Oh, copper, I am sorry I gave you such a beastly race; I know I shouldn't push my lorry at such a fierce and frightful pace. I hate to see you tired and sweating, I see my work was raw and coarse; hereafter I'll not be forgetting the laws you splendiddly enforce." The cop expects a show of passion, a flow of language hot and blue, and when you answer in meek fashion, he looks with kindly eye on you. And it may chance that he will mutter, "You must go slower when you ride; just let your henry up and flutter—this time, I guess, I'll let you slide."

Copyright, 1923, George Matthew Adams.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Weaning the Baby

Her tears are very near today,
There's sorrow in her eyes,
For they have ordered her away
Whene'er the baby cries.
There's little beauty in the sun
However fair the day be,
For now the mother has begun
The weaning of the baby.

No more upon her gentle breast
That little face may lie,
No more that little nose be pressed
Against her fond supply;
No more by night, no more by day,
That wondrous pleasure may be—
This shadow falls across the way,
The weaning of the baby.

Oh, you may smile, but mother sighs,
And now and then she sees
She sees the look of pained surprise
In eyes that once were glad,
And in her throat a lump comes up
That's big enough to throttle,
Because her lovely babe must sup
Her dinner from a bottle.

Now bottles can't sing lullabies
When tender babies shine,
Or read the love in little eyes
When eagerly they shine,
And so she sadly says to me:
"I'll miss her fond caresses,
The cuddling ways which used to be,
Her tugging at my dresses.

"I'll miss her cry for me at night
And all her pleas of glee,
Her smile of welcome and delight
When she discovered me;
I'll miss the tie that holds me near
And long will every day be,
I'm sorry that the time is here
For me to wean the baby."

Ford Gets Power Right at U. S. Dam

The federal power commission has granted the Ford Motor Co. a license to develop power at the government "high" dam between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Under the contract the company will pay $95,440 a year for its development privileges and will have power rights for 50 years. It will be required, however, to dispose of surplus power to the Northern States Power Co., which supplies both of the twin cities, at three and one-half mills per kilowatt hour.

The Ford interests, in pressing their claims before the commission, said they intended to contruct a plant in St. Paul to cost approximately $10,000,000 for the manufacture chiefly of parts for tractors and automobiles marketed by the Ford company.

VARIETIES

Platinum was first discovered in 1741.

The first labor union was organized about 1720.

The first steamship navigated the Mississippi in 1811.

The song of the bird was originally a cry of alarm.

As a rule, sea breezes do not penetrate more than nine miles inland.

The total daily water consumption of New York city is 734,000,000 gallons.

A lichen is composed of two distinct and utterly unlike living organisms.

Hospitals existed in Ceylon in 437 and 137 B. C., according to Singalese records.

Three presidents of the United States were soldiers in the Revolutionary war.

Recent census figures show that there are in the United States nearly 14,000 actresses.

Indians had a ball game in which they used a rubber ball, before Columbus discovered America.

No protective serum or vaccine has yet been devised for tuberculosis, scarlet fever or measles.

The popularity of June as a month of marriage is inherited from the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Gwen Richardson of London, Eng., is the first white woman to explore the wilds of British Guinea.

It is the custom of French fishing vessels to inform their owners by radio on the completion of a catch.

A novel musical instrument is a violin that can be folded, inclosed in a case and carried like a walking stick.

In Fiji and Samoa it is common practice to tattoo on the hand of a mother the dates of her children's births.

The proceeds of all the plays written by Queen Maria of Romania are devoted to the charities of her country.

The Arab horse is said to be the oldest existing domestic breed. Its records can be traced back for 13,000 years.

An Egyptian mummy of about 1000 B. C., showed evidence of Potts' disease, which is of tuberculous origin.

If everybody on earth lived in the United States, there would be about 551 people for each square mile of our country.

The velocity of a golf ball as it leaves the drive of a good player is about 200 feet a second, or 135 miles an hour.

The Spartans had a special law which compelled them to train their children in dancing from the early age of five years.

A model electrical farm to encourage the use of electricity in agriculture is being established near Stockholm, Sweden.

Rubber obtained from trees which grow wild in Brazil is superior in quality to that obtained from the same sort of trees under cultivation.

If the 1,700,000,000 people who make up the world's total population were formed into one person, such a being would be 4,000 feet high.

Exposure to the sun's rays increases the rate of the life processes going on in the body and causes fatigue just as voluntary exercise does.

On the Hudson Bay trail in Canada the feet of trappers wore smooth a vein of gold in the rock years before it was discovered to be gold.

Although Norway has enjoyed equal suffrage for a number of years there is at present only one woman member of the Norwegian parliament.

Before the days of vaccination at least one-third of all persons took smallpox and the disease was the cause of about one-tenth of all deaths.

It has been discovered that the kind of dates grown within sight of the great pyramids of Egypt is well adapted to production in southern California on a commercial scale.

The fish of the sea have a shorter day than creatures on land, because when the sun is still many degrees above the horizon the surface of the water acts as a mirror and totally reflects its rays.

The resurrection fern of our southern states, a plant which remains in a state of suspended animation during drought, has been known to survive for more than a year without water.

The epiornis, a gigantic extinct feathered monster which formerly inhabited Madagascar, laid an egg as big as a small beer barrel, its contents being equal to those of about 200 hens' eggs.

Toys to play with, and a special little house for each dog, are included in the luxuries given to her Pekingese dogs by one London society woman, who believes in bringing up her pets to act like children.

The majority of actresses are said to have a deep-rooted belief in the luck of cats. One of the most celebrated women of the American stage, always brings her cat to the theater on first nights to bring her luck.

On account of the alarming increase in the use of rat poison for committing suicide, Japanese police and health authorities are seeking a poison which will kill the rodent pests and yet be harmless to human beings.

The first telescope, invented by Galileo in 1610, collected about 81 times as much light as the human eye, but the Mt. Wilson telescope, the largest in the world today, collects 160,000 times as much as the human eye.

The mammoth oil industry of today owes its existence primarily to James Young, a British chemist, who in 1850 perfected the process by which illuminating oil was produced from crude petroleum for the first time.

Glasgow, Scotland, was miles away from its port, on a shallow stream two feet deep, when in 1773 engineers narrowed the channel and made the river dig its own bottom deeper so that now huge ocean liners can dock.

France still owns the small Miquelon group of islands off the southern shore of Newfoundland, which is the last remnant of her North American empire, which once included about everything from the Ohio river to the north pole.

In the museum of the Eastern Telegraph Co. in London, one of the strangest exhibits is a bottle containing a large snake, which was found coiled round a cable in the Pacific, causing an obstruction for which experts searched many months in vain.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

TWO FAMILIES

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

This is a tale of two families. It consisted simply of a husband and wife; the other was more like mother and son. The difference there is between a mother and a father, a wife and a husband. In the first family two persons were married by law. In the other two persons were united too, but they were also bonds stronger than legal ties welded by little pink babies.

The couple, Tom and Gladys, are in other when they were married. They may love each other as much as no one would know it. For years they have maintained what they call a home but it really is nothing more than a glorified a lodging. It is impossible to find them at home. When evening comes and the lights are lighted and the house where Tom and Gladys remains dark and cheerless.

Tom is away with his masculine pals while Gladys is attending a card party of her own. But sometimes when Tom's friends are not there. She sees him so little that there is no time to listen to the details of business and he loses interest in her. That makes her lose faith and love for her. There is nothing to draw him home but the beautiful furniture inanimate furniture that is there.

Tom mustn't drop cigar ashes on the beautiful rugs, he mustn't smoke a pipe and spoil the wonderful curtains and the silk of the expensive lamp shades. He mustn't lounge around in his slippers. He cannot throw newspapers on the floor or clutter up the library table with magazines. He mustn't do this and he mustn't do that. He's living in a furniture store and it has to be kept in perfect order.

No wonder Tom is away from home. When he does go there for a meal it is never ready. Gladys has been shopping or is at the neighbor's or has been attending a card party and is too tired to cook. She has no time to prepare meals as they should be prepared, to darn socks, to make a home for Tom.

And Tom too must shoulder some of the blame. He may think that he married a cook, a woman to work for him. He may think that all she is good for is to scrub and cook and wash. He may go in for all his desires and forget that Gladys might like to attend a movie or just talk with him some evening. There are a great many families like Tom and Gladys.

The other couple, Dick and Mary, have been married the same length of time as Tom and Gladys but they are not growing farther apart. And the chief reason is little Jim. Jim is a pink and white bit of humanity only a year old but already he has assumed command of the home. The furniture shows marks of soiled baby fingers, the wallpaper has spots on it that were made by the same fingers.

Over in one corner is a rag doll, in another a little drum and in the center of the living room is a pile of wooden blocks. A high chair stands in the dining room. It doesn't match the other chairs but it is the throne of the home, for upon it sits the real king of the home. There he rules with a spoon as a scepter and musses with a slice of bread or a cracker as he holds court at meal time.

And Dick comes home often. He likes his home. It is a real one. Men's clubs cannot tear him away night after night. He can find amusement in watching little Jim grow. He loves to have little Jim's baby fingers caress his face, to hear him say "Daddy." He enjoys bouncing little Jim on his knee, to teach little Jim his first faltering steps. Why should he go out seven nights a week and not be a friend of his family?

Besides, Dick can scatter ashes around and smoke a pipe and read the paper. Mary doesn't object. She understands men. And Dick regards Mary as a companion, not a cook. Moreover, she is little Jim's mother. He is little Jim's father. Little Jim belongs to them both, not to her alone or to him alone.

Of course Dick goes out some evenings and Mary has a card party to attend every now and then. But both are glad when they return home to little Jim and scratched furniture, marred walls and smoky curtains. They live for their home, not for clubs and card parties.

While Gladys and Tom quarrel when they do spend an evening at home in each other's company Dick and Mary haven't time to quarrel. Their time is spent in talking about little Jim, in planning his future. Some day Dick will have enough money saved to buy a house of his own. But Tom spends all his money and doesn't want to buy a house. He would never be in it anyway. Neither would Gladys.

And so it goes. The world has its Tom's and its Dick's, its Gladys' and Mary's. And the world has its little Jim's, too, God bless them. A baby nose pressed flat against the window pane waiting for daddy to come home in the evening is worth more than beautiful rugs and carved mahogany which a husband must not touch.

There's a world of difference between a house and a home, a husband and a father, a wife and a mother or beautiful furniture and a little Jim.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. —Emerson.

ANIMALS NOT HARMLESS.

In a letter entitled "No Furs for Her," written for this page by Abigail Gray, I read that she said, "Should thousands of innocent creatures be slaughtered yearly to provide unnecessary apparel and adornment for the weak, vain followers of fashion?"

Those who write should know what they are writing about. The furs in use the most today are the fox, mink, skunk and muskrat. The supposed fox is really coyote sold as imitation fox. I would like to say something concerning these "helpless, harmless, little animals" and of their right to live.

The coyote is the most destructive animal that sheepmen and stockmen have to contend with. If they were worth protection our government would protect them instead of destroying them.

The government report shows that from July 1, 1915, to June 30, 1920, predatory animals killed by government hunters were: Coyotes, 100,346; bobcats and lynx, 15,374; bears, 317; mountain lions, 540; wolves, 2,936. Estimates based on information supplied during these years by farmers and stockmen indicate that the destruction of approximately 50,000 predatory animals has resulted in a saving of live stock valued at about six million dollars.

The coyote is bold and will come right up to the barnyard and steal young lambs and chickens in broad daylight. The sheepmen have to stand guard night and day so the coyote will not enter his flock. It would not be hard if he had a small flock but it is difficult to guard a flock of two to five thousand. Perhaps Abigail Gray has never seen a large flock of sheep.

I caught five coyotes last year on the farm and shall trap all I can as long as the law permits. Most of the counties in the stock raising country pay a bounty for every one caught.

Muskrats will walk in the furrows in your garden and eat everything to the last seed. They multiply very fast so you can kill them off and not miss them. The mink is harmless enough unless he gets in your chicken coop and he can crawl through a good sized knothole. One got in my coop and killed 24 chickens in one night.

What about the skunk? That "useless, harmless," sweet smelling little animal gave us a lot of trouble in 1920 during the hatching season. The skunk would come and chase the hens off the nest so it could eat the eggs. Oh yes, we caught him at it but everybody has some respect for a skunk. That same Fall when furs were prime I found a den with seven skunks. I caught all and got five dollars for each skin but not a cent.

Since then I have trapped seven coyotes, seven skunks, six mink, four muskrats, two coons, one badger and one weasel. I must be one of the "weak and vain followers of fashion" for I have the unnecessary adornment of a cross fox, my favorite fur. I wonder how many of the readers thinks the same as I about these "little helpless, harmless animals."—A Trapper Girl.

BIRDS IN KANSAS

When I read your letters from way back in West Virginia, it makes me homesick, as I was born there. Now I live in Kansas, the land of wheat and alfalfa, about 45 miles from the largest salt mines in the world. Often I long to see those West Virginia hills once more.

I was only six years old when I came to Kansas with my parents and brothers and sisters, so the beauties of West Virginia seem more like a fairy tale. I only remember the beautiful trees, birds, wild fruit and the schoolhouse with the lone cedar near it.

I have been out here in the golden west for about 33 years, and yet every week I read your letters and they bring back memories of my childhood days in West Virginia.

I am also a bird lover and will try to tell a little about some of our native birds. We have the golden oriole, robin, meadowlark and English sparrow among others. My favorite is the meadowlark. We all love to see the first robin, but the cheeriest note in the early Spring is the song of the meadowlark. I have seen but one red bird since I came West.—The Jayhawker Jay.

IN THE LIMBERLOST

I am sending a letter written to me by Hoosier Violet telling about Limberlost Swamp. It may interest Blade readers.—R. B., Wisconsin.

I ran across a biography of Gene Stratton Porter's life and I'll tell you what she says concerning the Limberlost Swamp, its gradual disappearance under the encroachments of business and her removal to a new field even richer in natural beauty.

"In the beginning of the end a great swamp region lay in northeastern Indiana. Its head was in what is now Noble county, and De Kalb county was its body and its feet were in southern Adams and northern Jay counties. The Limberlost lies at the foot and was, when I settled near it, exactly as described in my books. The process of dismantling it was told in 'Freckles' to start with, carried on in 'A Girl From the Limberlost' and finished in 'Moths of the Limberlost.' Now it has so completely fallen prey to commercialism through the devastation by lumbermen, oilmen and farmers, that I have been forced to move my working territory and build a new cabin about 70 miles north at the head of the swamp in Noble county, where there are many lakes, miles of unbroken marsh and a far greater wealth of plant and animal life than existed during my time in the southern part.

"In the north end every bird that frequents the Central states is to be found. In one season I have located here almost every flower named in the botanies as native to these regions and several that I can find in no book in my library. I could live in such a home as I could provide on the income from my nature work alone; but when my working grounds were cleared, drained and plowed up, literally wiped from the face of the earth, I never could have moved to a new country had it not been for the earnings of the novels, which I now spend, and always have spent, in great part upon my nature work."

A New Salad

An excellent salad is made with sliced new beets, cooked until tender, with the addition of four sliced onions and one-half cup vinegar. Chill and serve on shredded lettuce.

Pastry Making

It is wise to mix an extra amount of pastry when pie making. It can be rubbed over with lard and placed in the refrigerator for a couple of days and then be made into toothsome little tarts.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

Aunt Martha asked me to do something for her so I am doing it. She smiled at me when she asked me, that's why. She said she thought children who write on this page would like to have something discussed every week which would interest them. She said she wasn't no child and couldn't write it, so I says to her I would. Of course the grownups can read my letters too.

I am just introducing myself this week so when I come again you'll know me. I am going to take up all the big children's questions and problems (I don't mean big children but big problems) and write my ideas on them for Aunt Martha to print. I am going to tell what children think of their fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles and brothers and sisters and the kids across the street and everything.

Someone said once children should be seen and not heard and nobody has forgotten it, but are always repeating it. Well, I guess I won't be seen or heard neither, just read about, so I won't be breaking any saying by writing to you cousins. In the first place, though, I don't want you children to be imitating my grammar, as it isn't good, but I told Aunt Martha I wouldn't write at all less she lets me write anything I wanted without touching her blue pencil to it like she says she touches it to all them poems that are written.

Also she promised me to put a muzzle on Mr. W. B. whenever my letter was in the pile of mail. Wait till next week and I'll tell you more. —Jimmy.

Mixing With Martha

Dinner Menu

Radishes
Corned Beef
Cabbage Boiled Potatoes
Rasin Pie

Jelly Pudding

One cup bread crumbs, pint of milk, one-half cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, salt and lemon extract. Bake and when cool put a layer of jelly on top. Frost with whites of two eggs; put in oven to brown.

Gingerbread for Two

Cream together one-half cup sugar and one-fourth cup butter, one beaten egg, one-fourth cup molasses, one cup sifted flour with a little salt, one level teaspoonful soda, one-fourth teaspoonful cinnamon, a little ginger. Lastly add one-half cup hot water. Bake in a deep one-layer pan. Serve hot with butter.

Fruit Nougat

One pound each of dates, figs, walnuts and raisins. Stone dates and cut stems from figs. Stone raisins or use seedless ones. Shell walnuts. Put all through food chopper, roll out thin on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar, and cut in squares. These are delicious dipped in melted chocolate.

Grilled Ham With Bananas

Cut the required number of slices of raw ham and broil on both sides over the fire. Peel several bananas, cut in halves lengthwise, season with salt and pepper, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve half a banana on each side of a slice of ham on a platter garnished with parsley.

Florentines

Make pastry with two cups of sifted flour, a little salt and one-half cup of shortening (one part butter and two parts lard). Chill after folding and then roll and cut into diamond shape. Bake in a hot oven after pricking well. Spread with a layer of preserves or jam and then cover with a thick meringue made of three whites of eggs beaten stiff and five teaspoonfuls sugar. Flavor with almond extract, sprinkle with chopped almonds and brown slowly. Serve very cold.

Sour Cream Nut Filling

One cup of sour cream, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of chopped nut meats (hickory, butternuts or walnuts may be used—I prefer butternuts.) Cook these ingredients together until thick. This will cover a large three-layer cake.

Wholewheat Bread

One cup of scalded milk, one teaspoon of butter, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cake of compressed yeast and about three cups of wholewheat flour. Put the scalded milk into a bowl with the butter, sugar and salt; when the milk has cooled to the lukewarm stage, add the yeast dissolved in one-third cup of lukewarm water. Then stir in the three cups of flour. It should now be stiff enough to hold its shape. Mix well but do not knead. Cover and let rise till double in bulk, then turn it out onto a floured board and knead it only enough to form it into two loaves. Place these loaves into two greased pans and when once more double in bulk bake in a hot oven for 35 minutes. This bread takes in all, between four and five hours to make. Many women have success with this wholewheat bread who fail on the white bread.

Stool for Comfort

Every kitchen should have a rather high stool for the housewife. It should be high enough to bring her conveniently near the sink, the cook table, the kitchen cabinet and the ironing board. The feet of many a housewife tire before her work is half done, and the day is spoiled for her because she is so weary. With a high stool she can sit to prepare vegetables, to mix her cakes or puddings and to do the plainer pieces of the family ironing; and a rest of half an hour during a busy morning will give greater efficiency for the day; and a rest of 15 minutes in every hour will find the housewife at the end of several hours' work scarcely feeling weary, but rather triumphant, because she has accomplished the work planned and feels fresh enough to enjoy the evening with the family.

Sisters Practice Law

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

THESE two sisters, Naomi Ranson (left) and Ruth Ranson, are practicing attorneys in New York city. One of them is with a well known firm of lawyers and the other is an assistant counsel to a real estate organization. Naomi, the older, graduated from Cincinnati Law school in 1917 at the head of her class and passed the Ohio bar examination with the highest mark in the state. Ruth was admitted to the bar last Fall.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—Whittier.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

June brings with it the joys of Summer vacation to high school students. What are your plans or have you made any? Most of us are contented with what we have today with no thought of tomorrow. A representative of a school called on me recently in regard to my taking a certain course in it. He told me the school had no use for persons who expected to work forever with their hands for there were hundreds of others just like them. Ask yourself this question. What will I be doing ten years from now?

Have a goal in sight, keep working towards it and you will accomplish great things. Let no obstacles get in your way if you can possibly avoid them. Everyone must withstand blows and hard knocks at anything that is for the good of someone or some place, no matter where you are or who the parties may be for which the work is being done.

Many of our most worthy college graduates are the ones who have been compelled to work their own way through school, earning every dollar. It is not easy to keep up. It is easy to tell you to keep up. But after you have thought it over, decided to keep up anyway. While in the the school grades we learned that the longest lane has a turning.

Bear the brunt, my friends. Be willing to work and to wait. Try to realize that every man who has made anything worth while of himself had to strive for it, and many of them bitterly. Before I go, here's a rhyme to keep you thinking:

Success should be the aim of all,
But to live that joy to its full;
You must get there through the door of push,
And not through the door of pull.
DON QUIXOTE

NOT DANCE MAD

I hope you are all enjoying life and having a real good time. I also hope that none of the cousins are trying to break dancing records. I trust you are devoting your time to things more worth while, L. J. Since Summer is here the Mrs. has given me a holiday so I am back for a short visit.

Aunt Martha or the printer's devil made a mistake before in printing my weight. It should have been 180 pounds instead of 100. Just imagine a fellow six feet, two inches tall weighing only 100 pounds. I had a real good laugh when I saw it. My favorite authors are Harold Bell Wright and Mark Twain.—J. R. Cates, Tenn.

HOPE

Sitting under an apple tree in full bloom, I am tempted to step in and chat with the cousins, especially since Wisconsin Lightning seems to envy West Virginians. H. M. A. writes excellently of West Virginia. I suppose everyone thinks his state the best.

Wisconsin Lightning, of course a hope chest is a very handy thing to have. A few days ago I was speaking to a young lady friend who remarked that she had a hope chest, but rather suspected it would be hopeless. I, being an old maid, said: "There is something that is stronger than words, deeper than tears, more beautiful than wisdom. It is hope. Never give up."

I fancy I can hear some of the cousins laughing. A good laugh is a great aid to health. As you know, it is better to laugh than cry, even if you have almost despaired of hope.

I have been teaching school for years and would be glad to read more letters from teachers. Come along, old maids, and describe your ideals.—C. G. W. of W. Va.

A HIKE WITH GINGER

In my excitement I forgot to knock and bounced right into the middle of your merry circle. The reason for my excitement is that I want Aunt Martha and all the cousins to take a hike with me. Ah! I was sure you would all be excited like me. Please help me, Don Quixote, to make the trail for we are now among the West Virginia hills. Wasn't it sweet of Fairy Queen to bring us here so swiftly?

A lovely shaded forest welcomes us as we slowly make our way forward into a deep rocky canyon. It is cool here as the South wind sweeps past us, carrying fragrant scents from the sweet wild flowers that adorn the rocky hillside. As the murmuring stream below us dances onward we all seem weary and sit down to rest.

The music of the water, the sweet wild notes of the birds and the sighing of the wind send us into dreamland. We awaken, startled, for J. V. is being frightened by a huge snake that has nestled close to him waiting for a chance to strike. Country Jake, bold and noble, steps forth and saves J. V. from the dreadful enemy.

Now that we are rested we will continue our journey to the top of the hill. Here we find the ground cleared, making a wonderful place to wait and watch the great sun sink slowly into the red and golden horizon, stretching out golden arms until the western sky is an ocean of gleaming colors.

We now turn for our journey homeward by moonlight. Here we are on Aunt Martha's veranda, each with a happy smile. Isn't the moonlight beautiful?—Ginger.

UNUSUAL BIRD HOMES.

Now please spread your "hankie" over Mr. W. B.'s head until I hurry and say my say. It isn't much so it won't take long. You know they say "a short horse is soon curried."

I must tell you several quite unusual bird stories. A tiny wren has built her nest in a crevice between the cement blocks in the foundation of our house, a very dangerous place I fear, because it is only about one foot from the ground. I am trusting that no stray cat will discover the secret.

Another quite modern bird home is in a large apple tree near our rear window. One day I saw a little bird carrying dirt out of a knothole in a large limb. I soon discovered that there was a passageway through the tree for the bird went back in the hole and then came out on the other side through a similar hole. It is very safe, the hole being very small and too high for me even to peek in.

There is a bluejay nesting in an apple tree in our front yard. I had always been told that they nested only in the South, but this one seems very settled.—Hoosier Girl.

When Polishing Furniture

Furniture polish should not be used on furniture until the latter has been well dusted, or it will smear and clog. Apply with a small piece of flannel. Rub off with a soft duster, and polish with a chamois leather.

WASHING KNIT GARMENTS

Hand-knit, garments no matter how loosely knitted, will wash if made of good yarns and fast colors. The secret lies in the temperature of the water, the purity of the soap, the way the soap is applied and in the drying.

All worsteds or all yarn hand-knit garments should be washed and rinsed in lukewarm water. Each water should be the same temperature as the preceding water.

The soap should be white and should never be rubbed onto the garment. It should be dissolved in the water before the garment is put in.

Let the garment soak in the lukewarm suds for a few minutes, then squeeze through the hands, avoiding wringing, until the dirt has disappeared. Keep the sweater or the garment under the water while squeezing.

Rinse in lukewarm water until the water is clear, squeezing the garment as dry as possible for drying.

To dry, put a Turkish towel on a flat surface away from the sun and lay the garment on it. If there is a place where the breeze can quicken the drying, so much the better, as the garment so dried will hold its shape better and come out more fluffy.

In placing the garment on the towel, try to stretch it to the original size. Some women find that marking the outline of the garment on the towel before washing it is the best way.

Very stretchy garments should be washed in a pillow slip which is shaken up and down in the suds until the garment is clean, then rinsed until the water is clear.

The garment should be left in the pillow slip to dry. The pillow slip should be hung on a clothesline in the shade and where the wind can reach it.

Chat With Cousins

Aunt Martha was one of the spectators on Memorial day when a plot to be devoted to soldiers' graves was dedicated and a row of young maple trees were planted, one for each of the boys who made the supreme sacrifice in the country in which the cemetery is located. Over 300 of these trees will grow as living monuments to the men who went forth to battle the foreign foe in the World war and laid down their lives in their country's cause. The services were very impressive from the time a battery of artillery roared a salute to the soldier dead until Old Glory was lowered from its staff at sunset while the clear notes of a bugle sounded "To the Colors." There is nothing more appropriate as a memorial than a tree which will stand a tower of strength, Summer and Winter, lifting its boughs to God.

Those who can't bother to observe Nature are surely to be pitied. There is much pleasure to be derived from watching the plants develop from the time the first warm days come until they are fully clothed in green. The rose bushes a few months ago were but bunches of brown naked sticks. Then the leaf buds began to swell to burst forth at last. Now the flower buds are showing. Soon the bushes will be covered with beautiful flowers, heavily scented, a delight to the eye and full of fragrance. Yet there are people who can't enthuse over Nature. We wonder whether they enjoy living.

J. M. Baker of California suggests that the word "mother" be capitalized when it appears in the paper. In some cases, J. M., we can do that but the style book, which is our authority, does not provide for capitalizing it in every case and the style book is the law of the newspaper office. If we had our way we would write the entire word in capital letters.

We are sorry, Robert Brewer, but we cannot print your appeal. It is against our rules and if we broke them for you we would have to do the same for others.

Speaking of rules, most of us would like to do away with all of them at times but it is impossible. We must have rules for everything. The thing to do is to interpret them rightly.

Thanks for the songs, Ima Flapper of Pa. Your letter in defense of the poor downtrodden flapper will be published in its turn. Flappers shouldn't he disheartened by attacks on them. It's good publicity. Besides they surely can catch the eye although not always is it good taste to do so.

Winnie Winkie is worried although Aunt Martha can't understand how anyone with that name could worry. Anyhow Winnie had a ring "wished on" her finger. She was to take it off at a certain time but before this period was up the ring broke. She wonders if that breaks the charm. Come on, all ye superstitious ones and enlighten Winnie to ease her mind.

Mrs. C. P. H., song you mention was published on this page April 13, 1923. We cannot publish it again for a year. The name of the song is "The Church Across the Way." If anyone has it they can send a copy directly to Mrs. C. P. Hanrahan, Camden-on-Gauley, W. Va.

Merry Sunshine of W. Va., we would like to help you out but our rules (there they are again) prevent us. Maybe there is someone near you who has the book you mention.

Bird stories are pouring in and we are glad to get them for they are very interesting. Some of the cousins are showing themselves particularly observing, judging by the contents of these letters. Birds perform queer antics at times and it is noticeable that the cousins are not asleep. They note the unusual and write about it for our page. Aunt Martha always likes to get a bird letter. She knows she'll be interested from start to finish.

Marking Bed Linen

When marking linen sheets with initials, the letters should be worked on about two and a half inches above the hem, directly in the center, so that this marking will be in evidence when the bed is made up and the sheet hem is turned down at the top. The letters should be two or three inches in height on the sheets. On pillow cases place the letters one and one-half inches above the hem, and in the center of the case. It is a good plan to mark the bed linen for each room in a different way, the bed linen in one room having the initials of the person occupying the the room. This method of marking is a great help when sorting bed linen for several rooms.

For Coffee Stains

A small bottle of glycerine is an excellent thing to keep in every store cupboard, as it is invaluable for removing tea or coffee stains from linen. Brush a little glycerine over the stain as soon as possible after it is made, and it will come out in the wash without any trouble.

POETS' CORNER

Jest 'Fore Christmas

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor ile they give for belly ache!
Most all the time, the whole year round there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Got a yeller dog named Spot, sick 'im on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at.
Got a clipper sled, when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
He reaches at us wid his whip and jarrups up his hoss,
And then I laugh and holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be.

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up by cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a wild west show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas when I'm as good as I kin be.

An' then old Spot he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin,' "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that use ter make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be.

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candies, cakes and toys
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
Do wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
And don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "yessum" to the ladies an' "yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate for pie again;
But thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer can be.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

BY THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bonny bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Chorus.

Oh I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear,
Your heart was ever fond and true;
I always feel when you are near,
That life holds nothing dear but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me,
I scarcely ever see them now,
Tho' many, many times I see
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

To that dear home beyond the sea,
My Kathleen shall again return,
And when thy old friends welcome thee,
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream,
Beside your mother's humble lot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam,
There all your grief will be forgot.

The Oldtime Religion

It was good for our mothers,
It was good for our mothers,
It was good for our mothers,
And it's good enough for me.

Chorus.

'Tis the oldtime religion,
'Tis the oldtime religion,
'Tis the oldtime religion,
And it's good enough for me.

Makes me love everybody
And it's good enough for me.

It has saved our fathers,
And it's good enough for me.

Makes me love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me.

It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me.

It will do when I am dying,
And it's good enough for me.

It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

When you make apple jelly, save the pulp for apple butter.

Lemon juice is nicer than vinegar in a fruit salad dressing.

A small safety pin can be used instead of a bodkin when threading ribbon through underwear.

Before serving the children their cereal stir in a tablespoonful of mashed cooked prunes.

Sliced bananas are nice added to hot cornmeal mush. Cool, fry and serve with lemon paste.

Furs may be stored for the Summer in a large round tin can. Seal the cover with adhesive tape so that no moths may get in.

A small shelf over the kitchen sink, on which to keep baby's bottles, nipples, lime water, boracic acid, bottle brush and funnel, is a constant joy to the busy mother of the bottle-fed baby.

When two tumblers become fixed one inside the other, stand the outer one in warm water and pour cold water into the inner glass. The outer glass will expand and the inner one contract so the two are easily separated.

If you find that sticks on which names of bulbs are written are destroyed by the rain, list the name and color of the flower in the order in which the bulbs are planted. Keep the list for reference, and if one bulb fails to grow, simply cross it off the list.

When washing your electric percolator never immerse it in water or you will ruin the heating element. Stand it on the drain board and carefully wipe inside and out, leaving the spigot turned on so all the parts are drained out. Scald finally with boiling water.

The Indian Hunter

Let me go to my home,
That is far distant West,
To the scenes of my youth
That I love the best;
Where the tall cedars are,
And the bright waters flow,
To my home in the forest,
White man, let me go.

Let me go to the hills,
And the valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed
My own mountain air;
And there through the forest,
With quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer,
White man, let me go.

Let me go to the spot,
Where the cataracts play,
Where oft I have sported
In my own boyish day;
And there's my poor mother,
Whose heart will overflow
At the sight of her child,
Oh! there let me go.

And let me go to my father,
By whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft
In the height of my pride;
And exulted to conquer
That insolent foe,
To my father, that chieftain,
White man, let me go.

Let me go to my dear,
That dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love
Beneath the willow shade;
Whose heart is like the fawn's,
And as pure as snow,
And she loves her dear Indian,
To her let me go.

And let me go to my fair
Forest home,
And never again
Shall I wish far to roam;
And there let my body
In ashes lie low,
To my home in the forest,
White man, let me go.

The Low-Backed Car

By Samuel Lover.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day;
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of Spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-back car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demand his tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knocks men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride:
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in that low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar;
O, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh—
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Put My Little Shoes Away

Mother, dear, come bathe my forehead, for I'm growing very weak,
Let one drop of water, mother, fall upon my burning cheek;
Tell my loving little schoolmates that I never more will play,
Give them all my toys, but, mother, put my little shoes away.

CHORUS.

Santa Claus he brought them to me with a lot of other things,
And I think he brought an angel with a pair of golden wings.

Soon the baby will be larger, then they'll fit his little feet;
Oh, he'll look so nice and cunning as he walks along the street;
Now I'm getting tire, mother, soon to all good-bye I'll say,
So remember what I tell you, put my little shoes away.

Poems Requested

The following poems are requested by readers: "Nellie's Prayer," "Shall We Meet Them at the Portals?" "When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget Me," "When You're Gone I'll Not Forget You."

Also send poem entitled "Fading, Dying," containing these lines: "The Autumn winds are swelling high, The Autumn leaves are lying low." Also send poem with following lines:

"He was better to me than all my hopes,
Better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken vows,
And a rainbow of my tears."

MRS. LINDQUIST TELLS WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Her

Kansas City, Mo. — "I was left in a very serious condition after childbirth and no one thought I could ever be any better. Then came the 'Change of Life' and I was not prepared for what I had to suffer. I had to go to bed at times to be perfectly quiet as I could not even stoop down to pick anything from the floor. I did not suffer any pain, but I was decidedly nervous and could not sleep. For nearly two years I was this way, and the doctor was frank enough to tell me that he could do no more for me. Shortly after this I happened to see in a newspaper an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In a few days the medicine was in the house and I had begun its use and I took it regularly until I was well. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to others when I have the opportunity." — Mrs. MAY LINDQUIST, 2814 Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

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(Copyright, 1922, J. Allan Dunn.)

Continued From Last Week.

"We're goin' to cross a hard country, li'l hawss," said Sandy. "But I figger we can make it. Got to make it, Pronto. An' we're sure goin' to. Doin' it fo' her."

Every now and then he talked his thoughts aloud, as the lonely rider will and, if the pinto could not understand, he listened with pricked ears.

"Grit must have been hurt pritty bad, Im afraid. Still he might have trailed her 'stead of comin' back. Sun's gettin' to'ards the no'th."

He glanced at the luminary, slowly descending. "But the moons up already an' she's full." He looked to where a wan plate of battered silver hung in the east. "We got some luck on our side, Pronto, after all.

"Wonder who the three were with Plimsoll? They've gone to the Hideout an' we got to find it, li'l hawss. Some job, I reckon. But Plimsoll's goin' to be mighty sorry fo' himse'f befo' long."

As they neared the foothills of the range he lapsed to silence. He was taking chances crossing country this fashion. He knew it fairly well, and he guessed at what lay behind the visible contours from the experience of years. Deep barrancas might crop up in their path, massed thickets of cactus that had to be ridden around for loss of time. The mesa, looking like a solid block of rock at a distance, was, he knew well, broken into tortuous ravines and canons, eroded into wild thrusts of the mother rock, its central part eaten away by time and weather.

Part of the Three Star range, shared by two ranches, ran over the southern part of the mesa and it was close to the boundary fence that Sandy was heading. Then came the range of Plimsoll's Waterline, a rough country, unknown to Sandy, with scant food for many cattle, but sweet grass enough for a horse herd and containing pockets where the slicktails sometimes came.

Sandy struck the first rise. He was now a crucible filled with glowing white fury. Thoughts of what Plimsoll might achieve in insult and injury to Molly could not be kept out of his mind and they but added to the fuel. It was not Sandy Bourke of the Three Star, riding his favorite pinto, but a desperate man on a horse infected with the same grim determination, a man with a face that, despite the fiery heat within, blazing from his eyes, would have chilled the blood of any meeting him.

He did not spare Pronto nor did Pronto attempt to spare himself, going at the task set before him with all the superb co-ordination of muscle and tendon and bone that he possessed. They slid down the sides of ravines that were almost steep as a wall, the pinto squatting on its tail; they climbed the opposing banks with the surety of a mountain goat, a rush, a scramble of well-placed hooves, a play of fetlocks; then, with a heave of spreading ribs and hammer-strokes of a gallant heart under Sandy's lean thighs, they were over the top and away, with Sandy's eyes searching the land for the shortest, most practical way.

The place it had taken Molly and young Keith nearly three hours to reach in leisurely fashion, Sandy gained in one, splashing through the shallows of Willow Creek at the ford below the big bend and giving Pronto the chance to cool his fetlocks and rinse out his mouth in the cold water.

Ahead lay the chimney ravine that led around into Beaver Dam Lake, in which Molly and the boy had been attacked. Sandy viewed the chaparral, the trees that covered the lesser slopes, the stark cliffs above. Part of this lay in the Waterline territory. The chances that Plimsoll had left some one on guard were not to be slighted. But he rode on down the narrow trail. Once in a while he broke a branch and left it swinging as a guide to Sam when he should follow with the riders from the ranch. They would be coming in now and in a few minutes would start on remounts. Perhaps Brandon had come? Sandy wasted little time on surmise.

The tracks of Molly's Blaze and the horse Donald had been riding were plain as print to Sandy. He even noticed the slot of Grit's pads here and there in softer soil. He had picked them up at the coming-out place of the ford. Two more sets of hoofs came out of the chaparral and from there on the sign was badly broken. But Sandy knew the story and the interpretation was sufficient.

The shadows were getting longer, half the eastern side of the ravine was in shadow that steadily crept down as if to obliterate the telltale imprints. The moon was slowly brightening. Sandy's eyes, burning steadily, were untroubled by doubt.

The place of the struggle was plain. The brush was trampled. To one side of the trail there was a clot of blood, almost black, with flies buzzing attention to it. It must have come from Grit. He caught sight of another fleck of it on some leaves where Grit had raced into the brush out of the way of the crippling fire.

"I'll score one fo' you, Grit, while I'm about it," muttered Sandy as he dismounted and carefully surveyed the sign. He even picked up Donald's returning shoemarks. Six horses had gone on, one led.

Sandy swung up the heavy stirrups and tied them above the saddle seat. He stripped the reins from the bridle and pulled down Pronto's wise head.

"Hit the back-trail fo' home, li'l hawss," he said. "If I need me a mount to git back I'll borrow one. I got to go belly-trailin' pritty soon."

He gave the pinto a cautious slap on the flank and Pronto started off down the trail. So far Sandy believed he had not been seen. If he had, a rifle-shot would have been the first warning. With the experience of a man who has seen shooting before, he had chanced a miss, knowing the odds on his side. It was twenty to one Plimsoll had hurried off to the Hideout.

A buzzard hung in the early evening sky, circling high and then suddenly dropping in a swoop.

"Looks like Grit's cashed in," thought Sandy. "That bird was a late comer, at that."

But it was not Grit.

The ravine curved, forked. One way led to Beaver Dam Lake, the other rifted deep through rocky outcrop, leading to the Waterline Range. The boundry fence crossed it. Two posts had been broken out, the wire flattened. Through the gap led the sign that Sandy followed. He carried his rifle with him and he moved cautiously but swiftly through the half light; for the cleft was in shadow. The walls lowered, the incline ended, became a decline, leading down. The clouds were assembling for sunset overhead, the moon just topped the eastern cliffs, beginning to send out a measure of the reflected light. A beam struck a little cylinder, the emptied shell of a thirty-thirty rifle. There was another close by. And scanty soil was marked with more hoofs. Sandy halted, wondering the key to the puzzle. Did it mean a quarrel between Plimsoll's men? Altogether he figured there had been a dozen horses over the ground. It was only a swift guess but he knew it close to the mark. Had Plimsoll been joined or attacked? And . . .?

His practiced eyes, roving here and there, saw still more cartridge shells. Walking cat-footed, he made no sound but suddenly three buzzards rose on heavy wings and he went swiftly to where they had been squatting. A dead man lay up against the cliff, a saddle blanket thrown over his face. This had held off the carrion birds. The body was limp and still warm, it had been a corpse only a short time. Sandy took off the blanket.

It was Wyatt! Wyatt, whom he had seen not much more than four hours before, riding on the main street in Hereford, threatening vengeance on Plimsoll. A bullet had made a small hole in his skull by the right temple and crashed out through the back of his head in a bloody gap!

CHAPTER XIX
The Hideout

The row that had culminated at Waterline Ranch, ending in the trouble between Plimsoll and Wyatt, had brewed steadily. It had been a reckless crowd at the horse ranch, practically outlaws by their actions though not yet adjudged, yet knowing their tenure of immunity was growing short. There had collected, besides Plimsoll's riders, Butch Parsons, Hahn's and others of Plimsoll's following who had been forced from their livelihood as gamblers. They still hung together, waiting for Plimsoll to make a clean-up of his horses and move to places where they were less discredited.

Meantime they made their own crude liquors and drank them freely. They gambled and caroused late. There were some women at the ranch. There was little fellowship.

Plimsoll had lost caste as a leader. His moods were morose or bragging. His ascendancy was gone. The crowd clung to him like so many leeches, waiting for a split of the proceeds of the sale of horses that no one appeared eager to buy in quantity. Ready cash was short. There were frequent quarrels; through it all there worked the leaven of Wyatt's jealousy, fermenting steadily. There were men among them who had fought with gunplay and who had killed but, as they were cheats, so they were cravens, at heart.

When the split came, after an all-night session with cards and liquor, following the refusal of a dealer to buy the herd, it was not merely a matter between Wyatt and Plimsoll. Sides were taken and the weaker driven from the ranch. Preparations were made for departure. The frightened women fled back to Hereford.

"It's a rotten mess," declared Butch Parsons. "Wyatt or one of the other'll tell all they know. You ought to have shot straighter, Plimsoll. Just like cuttin' our own throats to let 'em get away."

"You did some missing on your own account," retorted Plimsoll.

"It was the rotten booze. You started it. If you'd plugged Wyatt right it would have ended it. Now we've got to clearout."

"There isn't two hundred dollars of real money in the crowd," said Plimsoll. "If Taylor had taken the herd . . ."

"He was afraid to touch it. We'll go south. That's my plan. You can find a buyer in Tucson. Put the horses in the Hideout. Leave one or two to look out for 'em an' turn 'em over later. We can arrange for a delivery if we make a sale."

"Who in hell's goin' to stay behind?" asked one of the men.

"We'll cut cards for it."

"Not me."

"What's the use of fighting among ourselves again?" suggested Hahn smoothly. "We can settle who's to stay later. There's grub in the Hideout and a safe place to lay low if anything goes wrong. They'll have a fine time proving up the horses are stolen. We've got to take a chance. Butch is right. We can't take them with us. There's a good chance of a sale in Tucson. Meantime we've got to figure on Wyatt. He'll likely try to get in touch with the Brandon outfit."

"Or that chap who said he was from Phoenix," put in Butch. "You made a misplay, there, Plimsoll. That chap was a ringer."

"You talk like a fool," retorted Plimsoll. "He sold us the bunch cheap enough. He never raised horses he'd let go at that price. He lifted 'em, like he said."

"Just the same, he didn't act like a rustler."

"It was his first trick. Young vouched for him."

"This isn't getting us anywhere," said Hahn. "Let's make for the Hideout and talk it out there. This place ain't safe."

Within an hour the herd, already carroled for the chance of a quick sale, was being driven to the glen known as the Hideout, a little mountain park with water and good feed where Plimsoll placed the horses that his men drove off from far-away ranches, or Plimsoll bought from other horse dealers of his own sort, keeping them there until their brands were doctored and possible pursuit died down. There were two entrances to the Hideout, one through a narrow gut almost blocked by a fallen boulder, with only a passage wide enough to let through horse and rider single file, a way that could be easily barricaded or masked so that none would suspect any opening in the cliff. The second led by a winding way through a resolate region, over rock that left no sign and wound by twists and turns that none but the initiated could follow. The place, accidentally discovered, was perfect for its purpose.

There were some horses now in the Hideout, the lot purchased from the man from Phoenix, whom Butch suspected. But Parsons was of a suspicious disposotion and the rest overruled him, though the purchase had taken most of the cash at their disposal, until they could make the sale that had fallen through at the last moment. There was feed enough for the entire herd for a month. There was a cabin in a side gully of the park, near the blocked entrance, the whole place was honeycombed with caves in the towering sidewalls and underground.

Five of the nine left of the Waterline outfit drove the herd. Hahn and Parsons could both ride, but they were not experts at handling horses. They chose to go with Plimsoll and the outfit cook, while the rest took the long way round to the other way in. The four lingered to give the rest a start. There was some liquor left and this they started to dispose of. At noon the cook got a farewell meal and they mounted.

"I hate leaving the country without evening up some way with the Bourke outfit," said Plimsoll. "Damn him and the rest of them, they broke the luck for us. As for the girl, if . . .?"

"Oh, quit throwing the bull con about that, Jim," said Parsons bluntly. "Sandy Bourke's a damn good man for you to let alone an' you know it. Talk ain't goin' to hurt him."

"I'm coming back some time," said Plimsoll with a string of oaths. "Then you'll see something besides talk."

Parsons jeered at him. Plimsoll was no longer the leader and he knew it. But he hung on to the semblance of authority that an open quarrel with Butch might shatter. Butch was a bully, but Plimsoll respected his shooting. And Hahn sided with him. The cook did not count.

Plimsoll carried with him a fine pair of binoculars and, as they rode leisurely on and reached a vantage-point, he swept the tumbled horizon for signs of any strange riders. It was the caution of habit as much as actual fear of a raid. There were no Hereford county horses in his herd save those he had bred himself and he did not think Wyatt or the others who had left the outfit would be able to stir up sentiment against him in Hereford. It would take time to get in touch with Brandon. But they made it a point to be sure that no casual rider noticed them on the way to the Hideout, or coming from it.

At times Plimsoll rode aside from the trail to a ridge crest for wider vision. At last, coming up to the pass of Willow Creek, he sighted Molly and Donald with Grit trotting beside them. It was the dog that confirmed his first surmise. He had heard that Molly had returned, but he had not dared a visit to the Three Star. Who the rider with her was he did not care. That it was a tenderfoot was plain by his clothes and by his seat. As he adjusted the powerful glasses to a better focus Plimsoll's face twisted to an ugly smile. He had a flask in his hip pocket and he swigged at it before he rode to catch up with Parsons and Hahn.

"I'll show you if I do nothing but talk," he said to Butch after he told them of his discovery. "We'll wait for them along the trail. We'll send the chap with her back afoot."

"And what'll you do with her?" asked Hahn. "We've had enough of skirts, Plimsoll. This is no time to be mixed up with them."

"Isn't it?" The drink had given Plimsoll some of his old swagger, and the prospect of hatching the revenge over which he had brooded so long took possession of him. "Then you're a bigger fool than I thought you, Hahn. That particular skirt, aside from my personal interest in her, represents about a quarter of a million dollars—maybe more. She's got a quarter interest and a little better in the Molly Mine. The Three Star owns another quarter. How much will they give up to have her back? Bourke's her guardian, remember. I think the chap with her may be young Keith. We won't monkey with him. He'll do to tell what happened. But we'll take the girl along and we'll send back word of how much we want to let her go. After I'm through with her. She may not go back the same as she came, but they won't know that and they'll pay enough to set us up and to hell with the herd."

Parsons and Hahn looked at each other, greed rising in their eyes. They had no love for the partners of the Three Star nor for Molly Casey. A big ransom was possible if it was handled right.

"You'll have the whole county searching the range," objected Parsons. "There's a lot know something about the Hideout and they'll use Wyatt to show 'em the way. Bourke'll guess where she is."

"Let him. Wyatt don't know about the caves, does he? We can take her some other place tomorrow. We won't say anything now to the kid about a ransom. We'll mail a letter after we fix details. But we'll take the girl into the Hideout now. That tenderfoot'll be lucky if he drifts back to the Three Star by nightfall afoot. We'll be out of the place long before that. And we'll put her where they can't find her till they come through. I'm running this."

The cook had ridden on ahead. Now he was waiting for them, looking back. Parsons shrugged his shoulders.

"How do we split?" asked Hahn. "Three ways," said Plimsoll. "We'll take her to the cabin. The rest'll be at the other end. We'll keep Cookie with us—for the present. No need for the boys to know about it. We can manage that all right. Three ways, and I handle the girl."

Butch Parsons grinned at him.

"I thought you'd lost your nerve, Jim, but I guess I was wrong. All right, it goes as it lays. You handle the lady. You ought to know how. Now then, how'll we bring it off?"

Plimsoll talked glibly, convincingly. Butch Parsons had no extra share of brains, those he had had never been developed beyond the ordinary. Hahn was a good faro dealer. There his intelligence specialized and ended. Plimsoll was the master mind of his crowd; they appreciated and acknowledged his capacity for details. That he had been unsuccessful of late they set down to his lack of nerve, dissipated in his encounter with Sandy. Their present lack of cash, the doubtfulness of being able to sell and deliver the horses, made ransom a glittering possibility. Hahn had some objections, but Plimsoll overruled them plausibly enough.

"I don't see the sense of letting the kid go," questioned Hahn. "He's good for a big split as well as the girl."

"You're a fool when it comes to looking ahead, Hahn. You always were," answered Plimsoll. "What with the chance of revenge in sight over which he had brooded until it became a part of his consciousness, and the liquors still stirring potently within him, he felt that his ascendancy had become re-established. "Keith—the old man—is too big a fish to monkey with. Got too many pulls and connections. He'd have the whole country out and the trick played up big in every dinky newspaper. That's part of his business—publicity. We've got one fish—or will have—no sense straining the net. We don't want the kid. Let him string along back best way he can. We'll get all the start we need. What else would you do with him?"

"Stow him away somewhere and send a tip where they can find him in a day or two."

Plimsoll shot a look of contempt at Butch, making the proposal.

"You and Hahn make a good team," he said. No. One's enough. He may get lost. we'll take his horse—and that won't be our fault. He may make Three Star late this afternoon. I wish I could be with him when he tells what he knows. Time they locate the Hideout, we'll be miles away through the south end and they'll have one hell of a time trailing us over the rocks. The boys weren't over-keen about staying with the herd and they can vamose. We'll tell them it's best to scatter for a bit and name a meeting place. The horses can stay in the park. If we put this deal over right we don't need to bother about horse-trading. We can get clean out of the country with a big stake, go down to South America and start up a place. There are live times and good plays down there, boys. All right, Cookie, we're coming. I'm going to take another look. It's ten to one they're making for Beaver Dam Lake—on a picnic."

He laughed and the two laughed with him as he went for his survey and returned, announced that the girl and her escort were entering the ravine at the other end. They rode through the trees toward them. Molly and Donald came on so leisurely that Plimsoll feared they might have turned back and, with Butch, he risked a look down the trail, sighting them.

"They didn't recognize us," he said. "We've got to take Cookie into this. You and Butch ride on through the trees a ways, Hahn, till you get back of them. Then we'll get 'em between us. I'll wise Cookie up to what we are doing."

It was more than doubtful whether the three ever intended for a second to allow Cookie to share in the ransom money, but Plimsoll easily persuaded him that he would be a partner, adding that it would be foolish to let all the riders into the pot.

"She's Molly Casey of the Casey Mine," he told him. "Sandy Bourke's her guardian. We'll make him come through with twenty or thirty thousand, sabe? But there ain't enough to go all around and make a showing."

Cookie was a willing rascal and a natural adept at the double-cross. He raised no objections and the trap was sprung.

"You go ahead, Cookie, and open up the gate," said Plimsoll. Hahn and Butch were speeding Donald Keith on his way with close-flung bullets. I'm going to have a little private talk with this lady. Go to the cabin and get some grub ready. There's plenty there. Spread yourself. We'll be along in a little while. That was a nice job of roping you did. I won't forget it."

"Allus c'n lass' fair to middlin'," grinned the man through yellow, stumpy teeth. "That's why I rote a rope. An' I sure had a purty target."

Plimsoll scowled at him and he rode off. Molly, the lariat twisted about her upper body from shoulders to waist, constricting her arms, fastened where she could not reach the hitch, sat on Blaze, looking with steady contempt at Plimsoll, who held her bridle rein. He regarded her with sleek complacency, and then his eyes slowly traveled over her rounded figure, accented by her riding toggery.

"Grown to be quite a beauty, quite a woman, Molly, my dear," he said. "Never should have suspected you'd turn out such a wonder. Clothes make the woman, but it takes a proper figure to set them off. And you've got all that."

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I'm not going to tell you—yet. It depends upon circumstances, my dear. We'll have a little chat after lunch. I'd take that rope off if I wasn't afraid I might lose you. You are quite precious."

She looked through him as if he had been a sheet of glass. From her first sight of him, back in childhood, she had known instinctively the man was evil. But she was not afraid. The blood that ran in her veins was pure and bore in its crimson flood the sturdy heritage of pioneers who had outfaced dangers of death and torture and shame. She was all wasterner. The blood was fighting blood. She felt it urged in her pulses while her brain bade her bide her time. Rage mounted as she faced the possible issues of this capture, the flaunting dismissal of young Keith.

Plimsoll must be either very sure of his ground or desperate, she fancied. Both, perhaps. Molly had come into contact with life in the raw long before she went east. Education had not made a prude of her nor tainted her clean purity. She faced the fact and, for the first time, she ignored the man. She had even time to think of young Donald turned tenderfooted into the mountains, to wonder whether he would be able to find his way back or get lost in the ranges. She heard the laughter that followed the rifle-shots and surmised that they were having their idea of a joke with the lad.

If he got back—then Sandy would come after her. She was very sure of Sandy and that he would find her. Until he did she must use her wits.

And Grit, gallant Grit, wounded and lying in the chaparral!

Though she still gazed through Plimsoll rather than at him, the scorn showed in her eyes and bit through his assumption of ease as acid bites through skin, eating its way on. He burned to wipe out his own trickeries, his cowardice, his failures, to wreak a vile satisfaction on this girl who sat so disdainfully, with her chin lifted, her lips firm, oblivious of him. She baffled him. A mind like Plimsoll's never had the clarity of prevision to see the strength of character that had been in the prospector's child, even as he had never suspected her unfolding to beauty. It roused the vandal in him—he longed to break her, mar her.

The return of Butch and Hahn brought him back to the fact that he was not playing this deal alone. While they might allow him some personal license, to them the girl represented so much money. Plimsoll's reprisals were only partly theirs they would not permit him to balk them of their share. There is Berserker madness latent in every one that breaks out sometimes in the child that torments a kitten and ends by torturing it, maiming—killing. There had been nothing in what stood for Plimsoll's manhood to change such instinct, to restrain it where he held the will and power. But here he had to go carefully.

He cut short Butch's boast of the way they had scared young Keith. Both Hahn and Parsons felt a coil of embarrassment at the silence, almost the serenity, of their captive. They had expected her to act far differently, to rage, threaten, cry out. She almost bashed them.

"See if you can round up that damned dog, Butch," said Plimsoll. "I plugged him but we want to be sure he don't get away. He might help Keith's kid, for one thing. And he clamped my arm."

Parsons rode into the chaparral until he was barred by its thickness, trying to stir out the dog, without success.

"Dead, I reckon," he reported. "Crawled in somewheres. You hit him hard, Plim. Plenty blood on the leaves."

Molly bit her lip and paled a little, but turned away her head so that they could not see. She winked back the tears that came to her thought of Grit helpless, panting, bleeding.

They rode on up the rocky ravine that gradually closed in on either side with the rock walls set with cactus here and there, carved into great masses superimposed upon one another for a hundred feet. Presently they turned aside from the stony trail that left no record of hooves, and, Plimsoll in the lead, Molly next, walked their horses over a precarious ledge that zigzagged back and forth up to where a notch in the cliff had been nearly filled by a titanic boulder. To one side appeared a narrow opening, unseen from below by the curve of the great rock, just wide enough to admit horse and rider. A few feet in, they halted, and Plimsoll turned in his saddle while the other three men dismounted and carefully adjusted several rock fragments in the opening, piling them with a swift care that showed familiarity with their task, so placing them that they appeared as if a part of the wall. Butch clambered to the top of the great boulder and viewed the job from the outside.

"First-class," he announced. "That sure is a great scheme, Plim."

"Go on up to the tree and take a look," said Plimsoll. "Hahn, hand him my glasses."

Parsons took them and climbed up to where a dead tree stood like a skeleton in a crotch of the rocks. It screened him from observation perfectly by outer approach.

"I can see Keith's kid," he said with a chuckle when he came down. "He's through the creek and he don't know which way to start. Looks as if he meant to follow down the creek."

"He won't go far that way," commented Plimsoll. "Mount up. Cookie's getting grub and I'm getting hungry. He'll have to cook for the boys after we're through. They'll be showing up after a bit."

Below them, Molly saw the hidden park that lay so snugly back of the barrier walls. It was an irregular oval that appeared to curve at the far end. Gulches reached back occasionally thick with timber that grew in clumps among the rocks and on the ledges, dotting the green grass of the floor. She caught the sparkle of a little cascade, the gleam of a streamlet. The cliffs were terraced and battlemented in red and white and gray. Their facades showed fantasies of weather sculpture that looked like ruined castles and cathedrals with cave mouths for entrances. Here and there a monolith of stone stood up out from the main cliff, spiring for a hundred feet or more. The grass was starred with flowers. Some horses were grazing a little distance away and stood at gaze, to break and wheel and gallop away with flying manes and tails. There was a good deal of underbrush covering the talus.

The trail down was plainly marked. It forked after they reached the general level and the branch they took led into a side gulch where a log cabin stood, smoke coming from its chimney. Plimsoll took the rein of Blaze again and they broke into a canter. At the cabin Plimsoll took Molly from the saddle and carried her into the rude interior. There he set her on a chair. Cookie was busy at a stove frying ham and eggs, with coffee simmering.

"You'd better sit up and eat nicely, my dear," said Plimsoll as he unbound her. "You'll have to sooner or later, you know. No sense in being stubborn."

She said nothing but he saw a gleam in her eyes as she glanced toward the table where Hahn was setting out plates and cutlery.

"You'll eat with a fork, Molly," said Plimsoll. "Those steel knives are too handy for you. There's a nasty look in those blue eyes of yours that will have to be tamed—have to be tamed," he repeated as he took a demijohn from a corner and poured out a liquor that sent the reek of its raw strength sickeningly through the cabin. "Here's to your health, Molly—Molly Mine!"

The others laughed and drank their share before they ate the food that Cookie placed before them, talking louder, growing flushed with the crude whisky, while Molly sat facing the door, striving to catch something that might help, might give some clue. But the talk was all of the bawl at the Waterline with contemptuous mention of Wyatt and the rest. They seemed by common consent to ignore her once she had refused food.

This attitude weakened her resistance though she strove against it. She had nerved herself to meet action. Now she seemed to count for little more than a bundle, of more or less value, that, having been secured, could wait its time for utility. Yet, before she had telescoped her vision to extend through and beyond Plimsoll, she had seen devils looking from his eyes, smug devils, but none the less menacing, risen from the man's own private hell pit.

Plimsoll looked at his watch.

"The horses should be showing up pretty soon," he said and rose, a little unsteadily. The effects of the liquor were patent on all of them. "Butch, you and Hahn go down with Cookie and keep 'em down at the south end. Get 'em to turn the horses loose. And get them out of the place as soon as you can after they've eaten. Better take what stuff you want, Cookie."

"I suppose you'd be jealous if we stuck around," said Butch, jeering now at Molly. The whisky seemed to have been an acid test for his features, dissolving all that was not brutal. Hahn's cold sneering face was none the less evil.

"How long do you want us to give you, Plim?" asked the dealer. "No sense in our sticking round here that I can see."

"We've got to get the boys out of the way, haven't we? Keep your eyes peeled on Cookie," Plimsoll said in a lower voice as the ranch chef went out of the door with his arms piled with provisions. "He might take a notion to talk too much. We had to let him in, but he don't have to stay in. Soon as the boys are away you come back and we'll go out again this end, if all is clear."

"Where are you going to stow her?" asked Hahn. "Leave her here in Split Rock Cave?"

The callous reference to her as if she was something inanimate chilled Molly. If only she had a gun! She had laughed at Donald's tenderfoot insistence upon carrying the one he had brought West as a part of his outfit and had never attempted to use. The cook's well thrown rope would have probably thwarted any move of hers if she had had a weapon. Her fingers crept up toward her throat touching a slender chain upon which, ever since she had returned to the Three Star, hung a gold disk, the coin with which Sandy had gambled, the luck-piece. To Molly, even now, it was a talisman that held promise. If they left her behind them, somehow Sandy would unearth her. But that hope died.

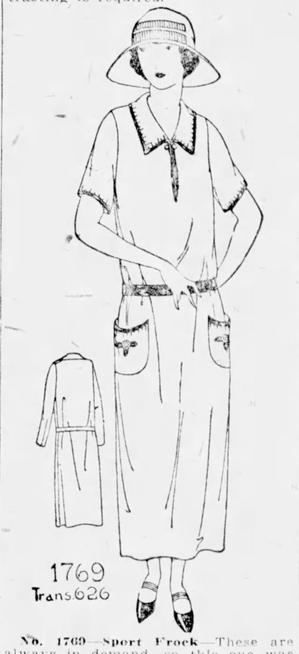
To Be Continued.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

THERE is variety in the following patterns. There is the simple porch frock so handy to put on at this time of the year in No. 1778 and the sport dress that every woman should have in No. 1769. If there is a garden in your yard you should have something to wear while working in it. No. 1773 is suitable for this purpose. Of course you need an attractive street dress and No. 1768 is that. Maybe the little miss of 12 or under needs a dress. Try No. 1776. And of course you should have a blouse. Why not the one known as No. 1772?

No. 1768—Attractive Model—Is this blouse and skirt effect, while in reality it enjoys the comfort of being a one-piece slip-on frock. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. For the dress in a medium size, 1¾ yards of material 32 or 44 inches wide with 1⅜ yards of 32-inch contrasting is required.

No. 1773—Garden Outfit—This pattern, which cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, includes a bonnet to keep one from sunburning and pretty porch or house frock. Three and three-eighths yards of 36-inch material makes the dress in the medium size and ¾-yard of 36-inch material for the sunbonnet.



No. 1769—Sport Frock—These are always in demand, so this one was designed to be made of jersey, ratine, eponge or sport silk. Patterns come in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3¼ yards of 36-inch material is needed.

No. 1778—For the Porch—This can be made for only 75 cents, and to convince you how simply made it is, just glance at the diagram. Why, you could finish the garment in an hour or two. The pattern comes in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure and requires for the medium size only 3¾ yards of material 36 inches wide.

No. 1772—Printed Overblouse—Here's a blouse and a most important diagram showing just how simple it is to make. And so inexpensive, at 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide will make one in the medium size. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

No. 1776—For Little Miss—For miss of 6, 8, 10 or 12 years, is this charming affair of cretonne and unbleached muslin. To make this little frock in the 8-year size, 1¾ yards of 36-inch material with 1⅛ yards of 36-inch contrasting is required.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF— This Is One Way to Make a Good Golf Score — By "BUD" FISHER

MUTT, I PLAYED GOLF AT THE POMONOK GOLF COURSE TODAY. I WENT AROUND TWICE IN 140.
140-EH? I UNDERSTAND IT'S A HARD COURSE TO PLAY!
CLOSET
YOU BET IT IS! PAR IS 72.
140÷2=70. AND PAR IS 72. JEFF, YOU NEVER DID IT!
YOU BIG STIFF, DON'T YOU DARE TO CALL ME A LIAR!
YOU ARE IF YOU SAY YOU WENT AROUND TWICE IN 140.
BUT I DID, MUTT. I PLAYED ONE ROUND AND I CADDIED ONE ROUND. AIN'T THAT GOING AROUND TWICE IN 140?
?
255

More than 1,000 women in the United States are engaged in the profession of architecture.

Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was He who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says: "With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse, and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA 46, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

7-HOUR DAY IS "INDEFENSIBLE"

...bers of All Religions ...pose Present Steel ...l Working Day.

...tives of 50,000,000 ... Catholics and ... forces last week in ... condemning as un... the argu... committee of ... Iron and Steel ... recently reported ... the proposed elim... 12-hour day in the ...

...made by Elbert H. ... of U. S. Steel Cor... ...ting of the insti... ...and here adopted, ... on the statement ... confidence."

...organized religion ...now warranted" ...ttled, "in declaring ...indefensible re... day must come ...

...put forth in the ...commission on the ...service of the fed... ...churches, the social ...of the National ...council and the so... ...mission of the central ...American rabbis, fol...

...of the committee on ...elimination of the 12-... ...by the American ...stitute shatters pub... ...that was inspired by ...of the committee a year ...request of President ...definite rejection of ...for the abolition of the ...

...of competent investi... ...eminent engineer... ...is ignored, and the ...put forth without sup... ...that the 12-hour day ...itself been an injury to ...physically, mentally or ...statement is made in ...that the committee of ...of the United States ...appointed in 1912 ...this matter expressed ...that a 12-hour day of ...followed continuously a num... ...means a decreasing of ...and lessening of the ...and virility of such ...

...institute's committee ...that the workmen them... ...the long hours. Un... ...are those who will ...work long hours to their ...but the committee's con... ...significant as show... ...workmen whose only choice ...abnormally long hours of ...earnings that are insuf... ...maintain a family on a ...and decency, natural... ...the more arduous alterna...

...that a shortage of labor ...impracticable the change ...to three shifts of work... ...but a meager defense. ...shortage of labor was not the ...for the failure to abolish the ...two years ago when the ...acted expectantly for such a ...step on the part of the ...States Steel Corporation. At ...there was appalling unem... ...which could have been in... ...relieved in steel man... ...districts by introducing ...system in the steel in...

MUSSOLINI TOUR IS SPECTACULAR

Napoleonic Figure Arouses Frenzied Patriotism of Venetians.

Mussolini's first tour ... culminated in ... reception in Ven... is rarely is accorded ... peer. His popu... Venetians amounted ...fetishism as a colorful ... of gondolas con... along the grand ... The tricolor of ... while thousands of ... patriots filled the ... ...s of the romantic ... ...sounding the song of ...zza."

...ised a carnival in ...the magnificence of ...barges draped in ...silver, red, azure, ...gold—with the gondo... ...the same colors and ...ides dragging in the ...the lagoon. The army ...uments in full dress ...his gondolas at the ...where he occupied ...partment of former doges ...potentates who once ...the Venetian republ... ...responded to the cries ...and appeared on the ...With a Napoleonic gesture ...ed the crowd in a brief, ...ory speech.

...the picturesque, per... ...for his popularity ...thing else. When returning ...early in the morning ...that all the lights of ...put out. Thus, while the ...under a cloud, his gon... ...to the hotel landing. ...was greeted by thou... ...dewy figures, he lifting ...that while all the canals ...in darkness and the ...singing the hymn of youth ...came out and Venice was ...in the splendor of olden ...is Mussolini in Venice. ...day there was a triumph ...troop review and flag pre... ...in St. Mark's square, ...the scowling dictator re... ...Napoleon, who once used the ...for the same purpose.

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Retail Food Cost Increase Is Shown

Increases in the retail cost of ...od for the month from April ... to May 15 in 15 out of ...22 cities ranging from four per cent ...to less than one-half of one per cent, ...were reported last week by the bu... ...of labor statistics.

Five cities showed decreases of ...one per cent or less.

Mickey (Himself) McGuire

"PLEASE! McGUIRE! MY ARMS ARE AWFULLY TIRED AND I HAFTA BE HOME BY NOON
"SHUT UP! KEEP THAT FAN GOIN' AN' KEEP YER EYE PEELED FER THAT COP!
IT WAS TOUGH LUCK FOR LITTLE WILLIE SIMS TO BE CARRYING THAT FAN AND RUN INTO MICKEY McGUIRE JUST AFTER MICKEY HAD BEEN CHASED TEN BLOCKS BY THE COP.
Fox
8

Deserted Quarry Home of Hermit Whose Life Was Wrecked by Love

In the heart of Kansas City lives a hermit. His hair and beard are long and gray and matted; his clothing is tattered as ever was that of a monk of the middle ages; in the Summer time he goes barefooted as a friar; he absolutely takes no interest in the things of the world, and for 15 years he has lived alone in a cave situated in the pit of a deserted rock quarry.

His name is John Herman; he is 75 years old and the only human being to whom he ever speaks is the corner groceryman from whom he buys his meager food supply, which he cooks for himself in his dugout.

Formerly Herman earned a living by hammering stones for the quarry owner, but lately he has been in poor health and lives off a pittance of $10 a month allowed him by the county. But he does not want the pittance increased, he does not want charity. He merely wishes to be let alone. In the last 10 years he has never read a newspaper; he has never listened to a phonograph or talked over a telephone or ridden in an automobile, and he doesn't care to do any of those things. He says he is contented with his life as a recluse. His interest in life is solely in the stars. He is an educated man and an astronomer.

The old story of being jilted by a girl made Herman a hermit. Fifty years ago Herman was a brilliant young student of astronomy in a German university. He met the girl of his dreams. They walked at night through the streets of the quaint university town, and the girl drew to admire Herman for his learning. One night they stood by the side of the clear canal, and Herman told his sweetheart that the water was as clear as her eyes. He explained the constellations that spangled the sky overhead, and the girl promised to marry him.

But Herman had a rival. Perhaps the rival's hair was more curly than Herman's—perhaps his wit more sharper—perhaps there was no reason why the girl jilted him.

Herman was heartbroken and left his native Germany. He came to this country hoping to forget his lost love. He worked at different tasks and for a time was employed as instructor of German. But he could not forget her—the girl he loved. Other women held no interest for him, and association with humanity in general jarred him. He decided to get away from it all and live alone with only the memories of his romantic past.

Fifteen years ago he built a dugout in the quarry, and during those fifteen years he has talked intimately with no one. He occasionally sends to Germany for books on astronomy, but otherwise he has no intellectual communication with the world outside the quarry.

Herman has become a tradition in the neighborhood. He is known as the "Old Man of the Quarry." On account of the fantastic and rather fearsome appearance which he presents as he hobbles barefooted along the street to the grocery store he is terrifying to children. For a generation mothers of the vicinity have silenced their babies with threats of letting the "Old Man of the Quarry" get them if they are not good.

But the warning is ill-founded. The old man's kindly features belie any suggestion that he would do harm to any other human being, yet reveal the gnawing sorrow in his heart.

War Vet, Shot, Gassed, Run Over, Hit by Girder, Has Broken Neck

His neck broken by a dive into the municipal pool at San Pedro park, San Antonio, Tex., yet alive, the broken vertebrae held firmly in a plaster cast, R. L. "Jack" Perry, World War veteran, has decided that he is the luckiest man in the world, lucky to come through all of the "tough luck" that has befallen him in the last few years.

Perry served in the World War with the 66th Infantry, Rainbow Division. He was gassed three times and wounded seven times and now is on the government disabled list, drawing compensation.

Coming to San Antonio for the benefit of his lungs, which were weakened by gas, Perry was run over by a motor car soon after his arrival. His left leg was fractured above the knee.

Not quite a year ago he was working at Camp Travis on some construction when a steel girder fell, striking Perry a glancing blow, but with sufficient force to fracture his left arm.

Christmas Day, 1922, the home of a neighbor on West Salinas street caught fire and while waiting for the department to arrive Perry climbed on the roof and aided in pouring water on the flames. The dense smoke was too much for his lungs, weakened by the gas, and he was overcome. Falling from the roof, he was unconscious for a time.

Woman, Poor Woman, Called Imitative and Inferior by Hardhearted Briton

Miseries of the western world are caused by women fighting against men, declared Dr. Josiah Oldfield, eminent British physician, lawyer and author, in a recent London address. In spite of countless ages of experience, the doctor added, women had failed to excel even in cooking, yet they set up as competitors of men in all walks of life. "Far more homes are made miserable by envious women," he said, "than by dominant or brutal men."

"Women," continued Dr. Oldfield, "have been 'tinklers' on the mandolin and piano through all the ages, but it is among men that the creative musicians are found." In the sphere of art also, Dr. Oldfield said that although women had been busy painting their lips and faces, their nails and eyelashes for countless ages, if one sought paintings which would create emotions of the highest and best character for all time, one has to go to paintings done by men.

"Women are imitative and not creative," said the English critic. "If search is made in Westminster Abbey for records of great women of England, one will find a few actresses and courtesans, but none who were worthy of being commemorated as poets, painters, sculptors, inventors, world pioneers or world benefactors."

Having charged women with neglecting the most sacred duties of motherhood and with having selected the doubtful pleasures of politics and public life in place of it, Dr. Oldfield concluded by saying that men were superior and should be reverenced and until women were taught to become affectionate junior comrades in the co-partnership of life, there would be no peace in life.

Excavators Find Rich Plunder of Fierce Albanian King of Long Ago

Tucked away in the corner of the Balkans excavators have been at work unheralded, turning up treasures which approach those of Tutankhamen's tomb.

Alli Pasha's treasures have been found. Though not as ancient as Tutankhamen's possessions, nevertheless they are of considerable interest and value.

The first Balkan war gave Yannina, the capital of Epirus, to the Greeks, though ethnically it is an Albanian town and region, and its history, at least for the last 500, that is, since the first entry of the Turks in the Balkans, has been Albanian. It is commonly believed that in justice to the Albanians, the ancient and beautiful city of Yannina, should have been the present capital of the Arnaouts, rendered famous by Byron who a century ago was the guest of honor of Alli Pasha.

Byron has on many occasions referred to the splendor with which Alli Pasha had surrounded himself, as he was enabled to personally see it and be the recipient of it himself, for the fierce Albanian ruler considered it an honor to be accorded a visit by the popular Englishman of that day.

The plunder Alli possessed was known to be rich, and many researches were made since his time to discover it. But it was fated that the Greek archaeologists should find the remnants of it. Thus, after a careful digging of the premises which constituted his palace and castle, the excavators discovered, among other things, 10 boxes filled with gold coins, or some 55,000 Egyptian ducats, besides many gold ornaments and even Oriental rugs. The total value of the articles discovered is estimated at more than $100,000,000.

Arms Course Optional Now

Military training, which for 50 years has been compulsory at the University of Wisconsin, hereafter will be optional with all students as a result of Gov. Blaine's signature to the Sachtjen bill. The Wisconsin institution becomes the first university of the country receiving aid under the Merrill land grant act of 1868, to do away with compulsory military instruction.

BOY, 10, HEIR TO HAWAII ESTATE

Romantic Events Assure Youth of Fortune Upon Reaching Manhood.

Richard P. Smart, 10 years old, enjoys an income of $16,300 a year and he will be a multi-millionaire when he reaches the age of 21. He is in Hawaii for his annual vacation.

Orphaned when a baby and the central figure in one of the most tragic romances and bitter legal battles in the history of the territory, "Baby Richard," as he is known to all Hawaii, is developing into a sturdy lad and evinces no little interest in the Parker ranch on the island of Hawaii, of which some day he will be the owner.

The story of "Baby Richard" and his parents dates back to 1912. Thelma Parker, his mother, was then 18 and considered one of the most beautiful and talented girls in Hawaii. She was the daughter of John Parker, founder of the huge Parker ranch and in her veins flowed a strain of Hawaiian blood, which added a touch of piquancy to the beauty for which she was noted.

Couple Met on Ship.

In the Spring of 1912, a few months after her 18th birthday anniversary Thelma Parker was returning to Hawaii after a visit to the mainland. On the steamer en route from San Francisco she met Henry Gaillard Smart, son of a Virginia clergyman, returning to his work in Honolulu. On July of that year the Parker heiress became the wife of Smart. Two children were born.

On November 16, 1914, Mrs. Smart died in San Francisco. As she passed away a Hawaiian orchestra, grouped at the foot of her bed, played "Aloha Oe."

Just before her marriage the heiress had placed her estate in a trust, of which Alfred Carter, who is still manager of the Parker ranch, was trustee. At the time she also made a will which largely favored her mother, Mrs. John Parker Knight, who is now guardian of Baby Richard. Later, however, she made a second will, strongly favoring her mother and her own relatives.

Boy's Father Accused.

Shortly thereafter the last will appeared unexpectedly. In this will Mrs. Smart left her estate to Mrs. Knight and other members of her family. Mrs. Knight employed counsel and filed a petition for the appointment of herself as the guardian of Baby Richard. In this petition she made charges against Henry Gaillard Smart, the father of the boy, alleging his unfitness to have custody of the baby.

In answer, Smart made charges against Mrs. Knight and her husband. It was not until April 20, 1915, that a compromise was arranged between attorneys for the opposing sides, and Mrs. Knight was given custody of Baby Richard until he should become 16 years old.

Henry Gaillard Smart died a year after his wife, thus making Baby Richard the sole heir. As the estate now stands the boy receives two-thirds of the net income.

At the time of the execution of the original trust the ranch consisted of 154,522 acres, on which there were 20,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses and 12,000 sheep. The net yearly income at the time of the compromise was estimated at $240,000.

Under a court order issued recently the lad was allowed $16,300 a year for maintenance.

FRENCH POLICE WARN YANKEES

Swindlers Make Visitors From U. S. Special Prey, Is Word.

Since the capture of a band of international thieves by the Paris police a thorough cleanup of undesirables is taking place in the city. In this connection Monsieur Guillaume, director of the police judiciaire, has issued a warning to all American tourists in Paris.

"An international gang of thieves and swindlers has been operating in Europe for several seasons," says M. Gaullaume. "Americans have been their special prey. The French police have succeeded in arresting several members of the gang and they have valuable information concerning the identity of missing members. In rounding up those who are still at large, American visitors in Paris can give us great assistance by immediately reporting to the nearest police officer when they are approached by anyone who attempts to strike up a friendship on a pretext of being fellow countrymen or speaking the same language.

"Do not be misguided by the fact that a new acquaintance spends his money freely and is well dressed. He is merely spending the proceeds of an earlier swindle while preparing to get your money. Note carefully any distinguishing marks and try to ascertain at what hotel this sympathetic countryman is stopping. By so doing you will not only save your own money, but you will make Europe safer for hundreds of thousands of others who come after you."

Estate of Dodge Is $37,186,588

Inventory of the estate of Horace E. Dodge, filed in probate court in Detroit, shows a total of $37,186,588.49 left by the automobile manufacturer. Virtually all of the amount was in stocks, of which $29,343,350 was in shares of Dodge Brothers, Inc. Dodge Brothers Realty Co. stock was valued at $1,014,777.43. Other stock included investments in three local banks, the Detroit Orchestra Hall association and Ford Motor Co. of England. Victory and Liberty bonds totalling $4,000,000 were shown in the inventory.

Among the personal effects of Dodge are listed guns and pistols valued at $1,065, including two shotguns inlaid with gold and a rifle valued at $200.

The Latest Markets

News and reviews of last week, for the most part, emphasized the high speed at which the wheels of American industry continue to revolve, and this despite the forebodings, originating about three months ago, regarding inflation, money stringency and labor troubles, which stimulated the recent technical reaction in the New York stock market.

Car loadings were reported at 1,014,029 for the week of May 26. Never before has this figure been reached in May nor in any other month except at the height of the Autumn traffic. Pig iron production report for May, announced this week made an even more remarkable showing, the 3,867,694 gross tons breaking war-time and all other records. The Iron Age reported a number of steel companies outdid their best previous performances, the exact figures not being available.

A feature of the car loadings report was a reference to movement of commodities. With the exception of coke, practically all commodities were moved in greater volume than in any previous week this year. This bears out the statement of the New York Credit Clearing house that purchasing throughout the country is conspicuously high. While a slight recession in purchasing is noted, this is attributed by the clearing house to seasonal slackening.

The Rocky mountain, north, middle and south agricultural sections lead the rest of the country in purchasing, this review says, while the east continues to show an ebb in buying. The Cleveland Federal Reserve bank's review of conditions in the fourth reserve district notes a further tendency among farmers to meet labor shortage by labor saving machinery. A Chicago banker reported the farmers between Chicago and the west coast are in an amiable frame of mind, crop prospects bright and business booming.

Strikes and labor troubles have not reached the stage where scary headlines tell such news, nor is there anything at present indicating that such will be the case in 1923. On the contrary the slackening in big building operations has been interpreted as a favorable sign, in that runaway labor and materials markets are thus avoided.

The Wall Street Journal holds out promises of an easier money market. It must be admitted the call rate has been behaving admirably well of late as have rates for time loans. New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago bankers are represented as expecting further easing of money rates during the Summer season. Not even during the Fall demand for funds to move crops, is it anticipated there will be any stringency. "No informed banker," says the Wall Street Journal, "fears anything like a money stringency this year."

Every follower of the stock market must have heard of the record earnings of the railroads. The fore part of last week held rumors that "insiders" were picking up rail stocks. Then came the initial one per cent quarterly dividend on Pere Marquette common. The rails held their own during the week-end reaction, the averages showed, better than the industrials, indicating perhaps that more of the public now feel that railroad stocks aren't the worst on the board.

Meanwhile the professional traders wait for further signs of continued prosperity or the reverse before taking the market out of its rut.

Failures of curb houses have been more or less expected by the financial community and Friday's and Saturday's bankruptcy proceedings did not create any great alarm. Reorganization of the curb exchange has been forecast, as well as that of the Consolidated stock exchange.

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.29. Corn, cash, 82c. Oats, cash, 49c. Barley, cash, 72c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 73½c. Clover seed, cash, $10.70; Oct., $11.75; Dec., $11.45. Alsike, cash, $10.25; Oct., $11.25; Dec., $11.25. Timothy, cash, $3.30; Oct., $3.50.

Chicago—Wheat, July, $1.11⅜; Sept., $1.09¾; Dec., $1.11⅞. Corn, July, 81⅜c; Sept., 77¾c; Dec., 67c. Oats, July, 42⅜c; Sept., 38⅝c; Dec., 40c. Rye, July, 72¼c; Sept., 73⅞c; Dec., 75½c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 44c; solid pack, 43c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 29@30c; Michigan, 27½c; York state, 32c; longhorn, 29@29½c.

Eggs—Candled, 27c; selects, 31c.

Bacon — Fat, 11c; lean, 24c; wide, 3 to 8 lbs., 21c; 9 to 10 lbs., 16c; 11 to 12 lbs., 14c; 13 to 15 lbs., 16c. Lard — 11c. Hams — 22c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 18c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 26@28c; geese, 13@15c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 21@23c; Leghorn broilers, 25@30c; broilers, 40@45c; old roosters and stags, 12@14c; light hens, 18@20c.

Hides—No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; bull, 6c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 11c; No. 2 kip, 9½c; cured hides, No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; horse hides, $3.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 43½@45½c; extra firsts, 41½@43½c; firsts, 40½@42½c; standard, 41½@43½c; one-pound prints, all grades, 1c higher; packing stock, 28@30c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern, extras, 27½c; extra firsts, 26½c; Ohio firsts, 22½c; western firsts, 21½c. Poultry—Heavy fowls, 22@23c; light fowls, 17@20c; cocks, 12@14c; broilers, best heavy, 38@42c; lights, 30@35c; Spring ducks, 3 to 4 pounds, 35c pound. Potatoes—Michigan, $1.50@1.75 per 150-pound sack; Petoskeys, $1.90 per 120-pound sack; Florida Rose, new stock, No. 1 grade, $6.00@6.50 barrel; South Carolina Cobblers, cloth top barrels, No. 1, $6.50 barrel; Alabama Triumphs, No. 1 grade, $3.00@3.25 per 100-pound sack. Sweet Potatoes—Georgia Porto Ricans, branded, $1.25 hamper. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 26@27c; new, 26@27c; brick, 27@28c; fancy Swiss, 40@42c; Limburger, 28@30c.

Chicago—Poultry, alive, lower; fowls, 21c; broilers, 38@42c; roosters, 12c. Potatoes, steady; receipts, 135 cars; total U. S. shipments, 1,076; Wisconsin sacked round whites, 70@90c cwt.; new stock, slightly weaker; Louisiana and Alabama sacked Triumphs, $2.50@2.75; mostly $2.65; South Carolina barrel Cobblers, mostly $6.00.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 10,956; creamery, higher than extras, 39¾@40½c; creamery, extras (91 score), 39¼39½c; firsts (88 to 91 score), 37½@39c. Eggs, steady; receipts, 33,724. Cheese, firm; receipts, 308,946 pounds. Live and dressed poultry steady, prices unchanged.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Hogs — Receipts, 4,500; heavies, $7.35; yorkers, $7.15; pigs, $6.50. Cattle, $9.50. Calves, $11.00. Lambs, $15.00.

Pittsburgh—Cattle— Receipts, 1,200; steady; steers, $10.00@10.50; heifers, $8.00@9.00; cows, $6.25@7.25. Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; higher; heavies, $7.00 @ 7.10; heavy yorkers, $7.30@7.35; light yorkers, $6.50@7.00; pigs, $5.75 @ 6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; top sheep, $6.75; steady; top lambs, $12.50; higher. Calves — Receipts, 1,700; steady; top, $11.00.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; 10c higher; heavies, $6.85; light weights, $6.85; top, $6.90; pigs, $5.00@6.00. Cattle—Receipts, 1,200; steady; steers, $7.50@10.85; beef cows, $4.50@7.00; heifers, $7.00@9.85. Calves—Receipts, 600; steady; veals, $7.00@10.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 150; steady; sheep, $2.75@5.00; lambs, $9.00@15.25.

Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 2,800; heavy slow, 25c lower; shipping steers, $9.50@10.25; butchers, $8.00@9.25; steady; yearlings, $9.50@10.50; active and strong; heifers, $6.50@8.50; cows, $2.50@8.50; 25c lower; bulls, $3.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, $45@115; active and steady. Calves—Receipts, 2,800; active, 75c higher; $4.00@11.50. Hogs—Receipts, 18,500; active, 15@25c lower; heavy mixed and yorkers, $7.25; light yorkers, $6.25@7.25; pigs, $6.00, 50c lower; rough, $5.25; stags, $3.50@4.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 1,600; slow; Spring lambs, $10.00@15.50; 50c lower; few fancy $17.00; yearlings, $5.00@13.00; wethers, $6.50@7.25; 25c lower; ewes, $2.00@5.00; 75c lower; mixed sheep, $5.00@6.00; 50c lower.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 500; compared with week ago, native steers, light yearlings, bulls and best stockers and feeders, steady; Texas steers, 15c to 25c higher; beef cows, canners and common stockers, 25c lower; vealers, 50c to $1.00 lower; tops for week: Steers, $10.85; yearlings, $10.75; heifers, $10.30; bulk for week: Native steers, $8.00@10.50; Texas, $5.00@6.50; yearlings, $8.75@9.75; cows, $5.00@6.00; canners, $2.15@2.30; bologna bulls, $4.50@5.25. Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; active, opening mostly 10c lower; closed 5c higher than opening top, $6.75, one load; bulk sales, $6.50@6.55; most good butchers, $6.65; few, $6.70. Sheep—Receipts, 500; steady; top Spring lambs, $15.00; compared with week ago: Fat lambs, 50c to 75c higher; culls, 50c higher; fat sheep, unchanged; week's top Spring lambs, $15.25; bulk, $14.50@15.00; culls, $8.50@9.00; fat light ewes, $5.50; heavies, $3.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs — Receipts, 60,000; uneven; 5c to 15c lower; top, $6.75; bulk, 180 to 350-pound averages, $6.50@6.75; packing sows, mostly $5.50@5.75; desirable pigs, mostly $5.50@6.00; heavy weight hogs, $6.50@6.75; medium, $6.60@6.75; light, $6.50@6.75; light light, $6.25@6.65; packing sows, smooth, $5.65@6.15; packing sows, rough, $5.35@5.75; killing pigs, $5.00@6.00. Cattle—Receipts, 16,000; asking considerable higher on beef steers; trade slow; few early sales strong to unevenly high; yearlings showing most advance; early top heavies, $11.15; some held higher, best light yearlings, $10.60; several lows, $9.00@9.25; looks higher; plain light grassers of southwestern origin, $6.50; she stock 10c to 25c higher; bulls, strong to 15c higher; other classes fairly active; steady to strong; few heavy bologna bulls upward to $4.85 and above; bulk vealers to packers, $9.00 downward; upward to $10.50 to outsiders. Sheep—Receipts, 8,000; fairly active; generally steady; bulk good native springers, $15.00@15.50; few choice 70-pound averages to city butchers, $16.00; good to choice handy weight fed lambs, $14.25@14.60; few sheep offered, $5.00.

Chinese Rug Makers Hit by Depression

The unprecedented boom in the rug-making industry in China, which followed interruption of the Turkish and Persian trade during the war, has suffered a severe check.

Out of the 500 factories built in Tientsin during the first years of the war, developing a daily output of more than 10,000 square inches, fewer than 300 have survived competition. During the heyday of the industry prices soared from $1.60 and $1.80 a square foot to $3.00 and $4.00. About a fourth of the output was consumed domestically and of the rest America took the bulk.

The slump is attributed largely to inferiority of the product under increased demand, due to inferior wool, unskilled dyeing and inexperienced workmanship.

The Brazilian congress of coal and other national fuels has recommended the use of alcohol-driven vehicles by the government and advises promoting the use of fuel alcohol.

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NATURAL LEAF TOBACCO—Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.75; 10 lbs., $3. Smoking, 5 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2. Pay when received; pipe and recipe free. Farmers Co-Operative Tobacco Union, Paducah, Ky.

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Horse, cow, young stock, poultry, vehicles, tools, implements, excellent advantages, pleasant healthful surroundings; nicely adapted fruit and general farming; handy markets; some watered pasture. Valuable woodlot, comfortable 7-room house, barn, poultry house. To settle affairs only $800. Half cash. Details page 152 Illus. Catalog Bargains—many states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 1508 Nassau st., New York City

MATRIMONIAL AGENTS AFFECT AIRS IN TRADE

Frenchmen Become Particular in Selection of Wives Since the War.

Matrimonial agencies have mounted in the social scale higher in France since the war. The shortage of men has made the women more anxious to secure one and has made the men more exacting about securing the best possible one.

The matrimonial agencies practice a ceremonious discretion in all the formalities of arranging the meeting of their clients combined with the hard practicality of a pawnbroker in examining the "dot" of the woman or the financial pretensions of the man.

The most ambitious of the matrimonial agencies have connection with socially prominent women and manage to introduce their clients to each other at a tea or reception under the most impeccably natural circumstances.

Or if the man is not inclined to spend enough money to stage such a meeting as this, his next choice on the scale of tariffs is a rendezvous during the intermission of a concert or at the races, where an imposing dowager, acting for the agency, will recognize the young man and present him, as a matter of course, to the girl who is with her.

DENY CLAIM ON TRINITY CHURCH

Counsel Says Queen Anne Granted Institution N. Y. Holdings.

Historic Trinity church, at the head of Wall street, has no litigation against it, questioning tititle to its real estate holdings, William H. Sprague, counsel for the corporation, said in denying knowledge of a claim made in Omaha, Neb., that the church is responsible to the heirs of Robert Macomber for real estate and lease money valued at $675,000,000.

Reports of money due heirs for land leases from Trinity are cropping up all the time, he asserted, and are based on the erroneous belief that the corporation held property under lease subject to the disposition of heirs. The church holds no land under lease he said.

Cites Old Lease.

R. L. Henderson of Omaha contended that the Macomber properties, consisting of 103 acres of land had been leased to the Trinity church for 99 years by his great-great-great-grandfather and that the value of the land and lease money would make it one of the richest estates in the country. He said he will come to New York soon to file claim to the estate for himself and 11 other heirs.

Mr. Sprague said there is no record in Trinity's history of any land belonging to Robert Macomber.

"The original grant of land to the corporation, which included the site of the present church," he said, "was made in 1705 by Queen Anne and included about 60 acres in lower New York, west of Broadway.

Burr Contested Title.

"Title to that property was contested about a century ago by the heirs of Anneke Jans and was settled after long litigation in favor of the church. Aaron Burr appeared for the plaintiffs.

"Every so often we receive notice that heirs of Anneke Jans and other claimants are preparing to present claims to some of the corporation's property. The corporation has sold most of its property in the vicinity of Trinity church and title to those lands has been guaranteed without exception by the big title guaranty companies."

The highest prehistoric culture reached in the West Indies was based on the cultivation of the yuca, a poisonous root out of which the meal for the socalled cassava bread is made.

STOMACH SUFFERERS

I positively guarantee that my remedy will relieve the worst case of stomach trouble (except cancer) and will expel any tape worm, or I make no charge for the remedy. A few dangerous symptoms are: Gastritis, acid stomach, gnawing pains, dizziness, indigestion, gas and bloating. Don't suffer another minute—send me your name and address to-day, for free proof by return mail. SAWMOELLER, P. O. BOX T 111, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ASTHMA

IS NOW BEING

CURED

Many hundreds of former sufferers tell us that they have been permanently relieved, CURED of dread Asthma through the use of our marvelous new remedy, Asthma-Sers, the new, non-narcotic medicine which quickly REMOVES THE CAUSE and helps Nature restore you to normal, deep, free breathing. Tear out and send this announcement, let us tell you more about it. No obligation.

R. M. E. LABORATORIES
725 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

FIND RECORD OF OLD SALE

Document Owned by Eastern College Found in Thebes, Egypt.

A notary's agreement for the sale of a city house 2,220 years ago has been discovered at the University of Pennsylvania museum on a strip of papyrus brought recently from Thebes, Egypt, and translated by Dr. Nathaniel Reich.

In the agreement Petesche, the notary, exercised caution to locate the building in question so that there would be no possibility of litigation.

"It stands in the northern quarter of Thebes," he wrote, "at the western place of the wall. Its neighbors are on the north, the houses of Petchurpe, the King's street lying between them; east, a house which is 2½ cubits of land (250 square cubits) which I sold to Khenseu, son of Ucher."

The agreement was between a soldier named Paret and a locksmith named Pani. The parchment on which it is contained measures 90 by 15 inches. It is signed by 16 witnesses.

The agreement shows that legal documents were dated in the reign of the assassinated son of Alexander the Great long after the young ruler's death. Apparently Petesche, the notary, had received no official confirmation of the young king's death and therefore dated his agreement "In the month Tybi of the 10th year of Pharaoh Alexander, son of Alexander."

SEES BIG FORCE IN ADVERTISING

New York Banker Says Publicity May Serve Issue of Peace.

As issues of the war were brought to stir men's souls through advertising, so might the issues of peace be presented through the same medium to guide the way to a solution, Frances H. Sisson, vice president of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York told the Financial Advertisers' association at its annual convention in Atlantic City.

"Advertising will increasingly attract better brains, and it will increasingly offer fuller scope for the creative geniuses of business, science, art and literature," he said. "Its possibilities for service, in fact, challenge the boldest and most far-reaching imagination.

"There rests on our business and industrial leaders the distinct responsibility to explain the facts and principles on which national business progress must be built, through the printed word, so clearly that he who runs may read, and that the oft quoted 'man in the street' may understand."

Mr. Sisson said there was no code of ethics that prevented professional people from advertising their services as merchants advertise merchandise. He pointed to banks and other fiduciary institutions which formerly thought it unseemly to advertise but who hold different ideas now.

"In the sale of any service," he asserted, "as intimate or personal as law or medicine, standards of test might readily be involved, but net of ethics, and I am willing to venture the assertion that the day will come when advertising will be employed in the sale of personal as well as appropriate professional service."

There would be about nine people to the square mile if the entire population of the world were distributed equally over the earth's total surface area of about 197,000,000 square miles.

Order Today **BARGAIN** Save Money

News of the State, Nation and Foreign Countries, Market Reports, Stories, Household Helps, Fashions, Farm News—and a wealth of good reading.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE . . 1 year
Hearth & Home . . . . . 1 year
Farm Life . . . . . 1 year
Gentlewoman . . . . . 1 year
The Household . . . . . 1 year

All 5 Only **$1.00** Order Now

Send this advertisement for all these 5 publications with $1.00 today to:

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE
Toledo, Ohio

COURT UPHOLDS PAST--HARDING

President Calls Program Contribution to Civilization of World.

President Harding again voiced his strong advocacy last week of America joining the international court of justice, set up under the League of Nations.

In a letter to Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, president of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal church, the President declared his proposal was placed before the senate after "months of thought, study and conference" and that in his opinion America could make "its largest feasible contribution to the stabilization of civilization" by adhering to the court's program.

At the same time he reiterated that joining the court does not mean joining the league.

Maintain Independence.

"We will surrender none of the advantages and independence which we enjoy," said the President in his letter.

The President pictured the court proposal as a middle-of-the-road course between those who are against any form of American involvement abroad, and those who are pronounced advocates of America's joining the league, although his letter did not mention specifically any factions or organizations.

Upholds Tradition.

While acceptance of the world court plan "is a longer step than some wish us to take in this direction," he wrote, "on the other hand, it is a less advance than some others would wish us to take, but to me it seems to meet the requirement of our peculiar situation, and permits us to say to the world that we are ready for our part in furthering peace and stability without entanglements or surrender of cherished policy to which we are long and strongly committed."

The President's letter was called forth by a note he recently received from Bishop Gailor, praising him for his stand on the world court issue.

"I am writing this line to assure you," said Bishop Gailor, "that there are thousands of thankful citizens who are grateful to you for asserting the responsibility of the United States in the affairs of the world. To them it seems a matter of honor that we should throw in our support in rehabilitating the nations of Europe."

MEMORIAL PARK FOR MARK TWAIN

August Is Set as Month to Pay Homage to Famous Humorist.

The plan to establish a Mark Twain Memorial park in Florida, Mo., where the humorist was born, has met with encouraging response, according to officers fostering the movement.

The executive committee has set August as "Mark Twain month," and the first week in September as "Mark Twain week." Admirers of the famous humorist are advised to read at least one of his books in August and heads of schools will be asked to have some form of memorial program on one day in "Mark Twain week."

M. A. Violette, owner of the home there in which Mark Twain was born, has promised to donate the house and its old-time curios to the association.

Mark Twain was born November 30, 1835, and in his autobiography he humorously speaks of Florida as having "two streets, each a couple of hundred yards long, the rest of the avenues mere lanes, with rail fences and corn fields on either side." Florida, however, has grown into a little town, with all the usual business institutions.

The majority of members of the association are editors of newspapers in Missouri.

Paper Money More Valuable Than Gold

When the dollar began to rise in London recently the Swedish state bank continued to sell dollars in order to keep the Swedish crown on par with American currency, but the dollar went up to 3.7555 from 3.74.

The state bank at the beginning of this year had a portfolio of foreign currency amounting to 160 million crowns, but this has been reduced to 63 million.

Experts say the bank would be in a position, if parliament rejects the proposal for further postponement of a return to a gold footing, of seeing its paper notes higher in value than the corresponding number of crowns in gold.

New Gland Invigorator Restores Vital Force

Remarkable Scientific Discovery Makes Glands Active. Easily Used at Home. Old and Young Benefited.

Thousands of men and women who want again the nerve, vigor, virility and ambition of earlier years, are finding all these through science's discovery of an invigorator, stronger and surer than even the famous gland treatment.

The amazing benefits of this discovery are largely confined to the lower spinal nerve centers and certain easily stimulated vital organs and blood vessels. Remarkable improvement is frequently evident within 24 hours and gratifying results are almost always obtained during the first week after treatment starts. Elderly people especially rejoice in their renewed flood of youthful vigor.

Physicians often recommend its use in cases that defy other treatments. Men of 60 say they have been restored to the full vigor of 30.

This remarkable compound is prepared in tablet form for convenient home use. The distributors of Vi-Tabs, which is the name of this invigorator, offer everyone the opportunity of trying a regular $2.00 double strength treatment with the full understanding that it costs nothing if it fails.

If you wish to secure for yourself the amazing results that it gives, simply send your name and address in strict confidence to the Vi-Tabs Laboratories, Dept. 118, 1018 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, and this $2.00 double strength treatment will be immediately mailed to you. Pay postman only $2.00 and postage when package arrives in plain, sealed wrapper. If, at the end of one week, you are not satisfied, the Laboratories will immediately refund your money. This guarantee is protected by deposits in two large Chicago banks, so do not hesitate to accept this offer.

—Advertisement.

Explorers to Brave Perils of Frozen North in Plane

Captain Roald Amundsen, foremost of polar explorers, is almost ready to take off from Nome, Alaska from the steamship Maud (shown hemmed in by ice), in his attempt to chart by airplane the regions between man's "farthest North" and the North Pole. If his plane falls he and his pilot undoubtedly will perish. Captain Donald B. MacMillan, who led an expedition into the Frozen North some time ago to investigate terrestrial magnetism, is now completing plans for his latest venture—a faring forth from Wiscasset, Maine, in the schooner Bowdoin, into the Arctic in an effort to determine whether another glacial era is coming.

BLIMP WRECKED BY BLAST, BLAZE

Two Injured in 40-Foot Leap to Safety at Dayton Aviation Field.

A twisted mass of blackened framework, the army dirigible TC-1, once proud mistress of the skies, last week lay at the base of a steel anchor tower at Wilbur Wright field wrecked by an explosion and fire, during a severe electrical storm. Two men were injured when they jumped from the doomed craft to earth, a distance of 40 feet.

Sergeant Harry Barnes, Scott field, Ill., and A. C. Maranville, Akron, O., representative of the Goodyear Rubber Co., which built the ship, and the two men who leaped from the craft are in hospitals. Barnes sustained a broken ankle, while one of Maranville's ankles was crushed.

The dirigible arrived over Dayton coming from Scott field with a crew of 10 men, commanded by Lieutenant Clyde Kuntz. Barnes and Maronville remained aboard after the ship had been moored to the steel mast.

It is believed the ship, caught in the wind, swung around and struck another steel tower. The explosion and fire which followed, it is believed, was caused when the bag, highly charged with electricity, came in contact with the steel towers.

The ship was destroyed within a few seconds. A flash and a loud noise was followed by a burst of flame and soon afterward the burning craft fell to the ground.

It was Maranville's second escape from doomed aircraft. He was one of the few who escaped death when a balloon crashed into the roof of the Illinois Trust Co. at Chicago a few years ago.

The TC-1, accepted by the government April 7, last, after successful trials, was used as a training ship to instruct pilots and navigators of lighter than air craft.

DECLARES TAXES RUIN BUSINESS

Ex-Senator Lewis Would Spend Money in U. S. Treasury.

The United States is "the only government in the world that taxes successful enterprises to a failure and failing enterprises to bankruptcy," James Halton Lewis, former United States senator from Illinois, declared in an address in Chicago before the National Association of Music Merchants' convention.

"The hour has struck when the people of the United States must be told of the perversion of the government, the wrongs and extortions by the official system upon business and prosperity," he said. "The United States now, in time of peace, collects in all taxes from its people by the year a greater sum than any European land took from the people in any one year for war.

"Let us suspend the unfair taxation and expend the money we have in our treasury for our actual needs of government, economically administered. Let there be an end to taxation and tyranny upon the citizen. Let us bring this government back to the standards of our fathers, a plain government for practical people."

Modesty of Africans Pleases Missionary

African Shebas are more modest than American girls, in the opinion of Mrs. Rose Rosehart, who recently returned from Sierra Leone, West Africa.

"African women wear clothes that 'cover up,'" Mrs. Rosehart explained, "and are much more modest than young American women."

Flappers of Africa, which species is rare, use blue paste instead of rouge. Mrs. Rosehart is a missionary and was stationed in West Africa six years.

Bottled Meteor Is Aerial Weapon

The newest and most deadly weapon of destruction employed by the army air service, in the shape of a 4,000-pound "demolition" bomb, was placed on exhibition recently.

This bomb, described as the largest in the world, weighs actually 4,300 pounds, of which approximately 2,000 pounds is T N T. When tested, the explosion from the bomb threw a dense cloud of earth to a height of more than 1,000 feet, leaving a crater 64 feet in diameter, with a depth of 19 feet below the original level and a rim about five feet high. The volume displaced was more than 1,000 cubic yards.

The new bomb is designed to be discharged from a special rack on a Handley-Page bombing plane.

KEEPS SECRET CANCER CURE

Formula to Be Given to World When Doctor Dies; Plasters Are Used.

Dr. Millard F. Stever of Thompsonville, Mich, let it become known that after 17 years of research work he has perfected what he believes is an absolute cure for external cancer. Dr. Stever, who is 70 years old, has been practicing medicine for 25 years and is a leading member of the Benzie County Medical society.

He was very reticent when interviewed. He said that he realized that the world, and especially the medical profession would look on his claim with skepticism and for that reason he had refrained from making a general announcement until he was certain that enough time had elapsed following his first cures to demonstrate that there was no danger of a recurrence of the disease. He said that 18 months ago he made his first cures and in no case had any sign of a return of the disease been manifest.

Dr. Stever's treatment is most simple. It consists of the application of a plaster made by himself on the affected part. After a day or two the plaster is removed and another applied. At the end of two or three days it also is removed and the cancer is found to have shrunk into a ball. That is lifted out, after which the cavity is closed and healed by means of another plaster.

Asked if he would give the secret of his treatments to the world, he said he would do so on his death, arrangements having been made to turn over the formula to the medical profession.

CHINESE RIVER BEING TURNED BACK INTO BED

Stream Which Broke Out of Channel Is Returned to Its Old Course.

The Yellow river, China's most treacherous waterway, which caused incalculable damage when it broke its banks two years ago and made a new channel, is to be returned to its original course. Fourteen thousand laborers are building dykes, and it is expected soon to increase the number to 20,000.

W. H. Mallory, executive secretary of the China international famine relief commission, estimated the cost of corralling the Yellow river at $1,500,000 Chinese currency, of which the finance commission of the government relief bureau has provided $360,000.

Hundreds of square miles of territory north of the old river bed near Kung Chia Pa was flooded in 1921 by the breaking of a dyke and thousands of families were made homeless. Since then the district has been only sparsely repopulated, due to fear of a recurrence of the catastrophe.

DE VALERA'S MEN OBEY COMMAND

Republican Leader Favors Abrogation of Oath to King George.

Obedience to the cease firing order of Frank Aiken, chief of staff for De Valera, has been general throughout Ireland and the doubt whether irregular activities could be stopped has not been justified. There have been cases of attempted outrage, but not more numerous than those alleged after the truce with the British in 1921. The most noteworthy was the firing of shots at the suburban home of Martin Fitgerald, proprietor of the Freeman's Journal, when no damage was done. Many irregulars dumped their arms and returned to their families, and several small arsenals have been found by national troops, whose searches continue to be minute and exhaustive. The expectation is that without any formal peace the whole conflict will wear out within a few months.

Government Ignores De Valera.

Some political judges, old members of the Irish parliamentary party at Westminster, are of the opinion that the government's tacit ignoring of the De Valera proclamation was much the wisest course, and public opinion is now veering that way. But there are many who think a formal peace would be worth buying, if the price were small enough, and intermediaries are busy with that object in view.

May Abrogate the Oath.

Frank Fahy, republican member of the Dail, has urged "such a slight change in the constitution as would admit all sections to take part in the life of the nation." This means the abrogation of the oath of allegiance to King George and Republicans believe that England would not now enforce by war that part of the treaty obligation.

An element of danger to the prevailing peace may be found in the continuance of executions. Threatening notices have been received by Free State officers warning them that executions will be avenged. Such threats will not, it is said, affect the decision of the commander-in-chief, and the power to fulfill them has been largely curtailed.

BRITAIN SEEKS $500 AIRPLANES

Competition Arranged to Bring Out Low Priced Air Craft.

Airplane flying promises to become as popular in England as bicycling or motoring. British manufacturers are perfecting light models of aircraft that will cost little more than a motorcycle. They are fitted with small engines of four horsepower and have a speed of 50 miles an hour.

They leave the ground with a few yards' run and land at less than 25 miles an hour. The dangers are less formidable than those of the big flying machines and anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of mechanics can handle the new models.

In an effort further to popularize flying the British under secretary of state for air has offered a prize of $2,500 for a light airplane competition confined to British machines with a maximum of eight horsepower.

The cost of the airplane when completed is not to exceed $500. A commendable condition is ability for the machine to be transported a mile by two persons within three hours, the test to include getting out of a field through the ordinary field gate and traveling along an average country road.

The competition is to take place in September over a triangular course of not less than 15 miles, and as the minimum distance which must be flown on one gallon gasoline is 50 miles there will be ample encouragement to produce an economical machine.

152 Years' Service of Old Hotel Ended

Historic old Elms hotel in Sturbridge, Mass., has been closed after 152 years of continuous public service. During the hotel's long period of service many distinguished persons have stopped there, including Lafayette.

The giant elm trees from which the hotel received its name, and which stand in front of the old building, were planted about 1840 by the late Governor Samuel C. Craft, then 10.

The present owner, John S. Hubbard, plans to make the hotel his home.

ARCTIC AIRPLANE READY FOR TRIP

Amundsen to Fly From Point Barrows on to Spitzbergen.

Ronald Amundsen, famous Norwegian Arctic explorer, will attempt his hazardous air flight from Point Barrow in Alaska to Spitzbergen at the end of June, it is announced. Between these points he will traverse what has hitherto been the Arctic's "blind region," a territory of which nothing whatever is known. The greater part of this sector lies between Point Barrow and the North Pole.

Navigation Is Problem.

Experts in polar work consider that one of the greatest of the difficulties Amundsen will have to contend with will be that of orientation—the determination of his latitude and longitude while under wing. Assuming that Amudsen starts from Point Barrow under ideal conditions and in due course finds himself directly over the Pole, he will, according to astronomic theory, have south on all sides of him. It is of vital importance that he start his southward course along the right meridian, for although in which ever direction he flies it will be south, the following of a wrong meridian may lead him along the icy wastes of the Greenland tableland or even across to Siberia.

Open Sea a Hazard.

Another danger, according to polar experts, is that he may find himself over the open sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, which is some 350 miles at this point, and entirely out of the routes of any vessels employed in Arctic work.

The success or failure of the adventurous flight, polar navigators say, depends upon atmospheric conditions, and on these alone—engine failure, of course, excepted.

VANDALS WRECK FLIVVER PLANE

Barbot Abandons Flights in U. S. After Fallen Craft Is Looted.

Georges Barbot, French pilot of the "flivver" airplane, announced last week that he had temporarily abandoned his flights in this country.

Although his machine suffered little damage when the frail craft plunged into a tree on an attempted flight from Garden City, L. I., to Washington, D. C., curio seekers further disabled the mechanical flying marvel Barbot had brought to this country.

The little airplane met with an accident when the motor stalled in the face of a strong gust of wind. Barbot lost control and before he could regain it, the "flivver" struck a tree and ended the experimental flight.

Barbot surveyed the tiny craft and saw only the left wing had been damaged. Then he said he would take his "flivver" back to New York, make necessary repairs and continue his flights.

The Frenchman, however, had not counted on the army of curio seekers. The wings were cut and parts taken from the motor and when he learned this there were tears in his eyes. He made a hurried trip to the field where the machine was moored, and after scrutinizing the work of the vandals, he said he would no longer be able to use his craft.

Barbot's present intention is to go back to France and bring over a similar machine. The flier spent the night with Joseph Voros, a Frenchman, who has a farm near where the tiny airplane came down.

Invasion of Ants Hits Wisconsin Town

Fish in the lakes and streams near Merrill, Wis., recently enjoyed a day of real feasting when Merrill was "invaded" by an army of giant ants. After residents of Merrill, aided by hundreds of chickens, ducks and geese, all of the latter enjoying greatly the "invasion," had for two days battled the unwelcome visitors millions remained.

The ants were of the flying variety and were of a brownish hue. They were about three-quarters of an inch long. Observers said they arrived with a trainload of pulpwood from Canada.

Benedicts Not Barred at Ohio University

Married students will not be barred from Ohio university, says Dr. Elmer Burritt Bryan, president, in commenting on the ruling at Syracuse that married students are barred from enrollment.

"My only requirement is, however," said President Bryan, "that students be married as other people are—I always have frowned on clandestine matches among students."

SECRET FRATERNITY ONE THING; SECRET CONSPIRACY ANOTHER

Justice alone entitles a fraternal organization to survive and "secret fraternity is one thing; secret conspiracy is another," President Harding said last week in an address at the imperial council session of the Mystic Shrine.

"I like the high purposed fraternity because it is our assurance against menacing organization," the President said. "In the very naturalness of association men band together for mischief, to exert misguided zeal, to vent unreasoning malice, to undermine our institutions.

"This isn't fraternity; it is conspiracy. This isn't associated uplift; it is organized destruction. This isn't brotherhood; it is the discord of disloyalty and a danger to the republic.

"But, so long as 20,000,000 Americans are teaching loyalty to the Flag, the cherishment of our inherited institutions and due regard for constitutional authority and the love of liberty under the law, we may be assured the future is secure."

President Reviews Parade.

Mr. Harding addressed the council as a brother Shriner after he had reviewed the annual Shrine parade from a stand in front of the White House. His address follows in full:

"It is a great pleasure to participate in this opening session of the council. It need not be said that I cordially join in the words of welcome and hearty greetings already uttered.

"I like the atmosphere of fraternity. I rejoice in the knowledge that I am addressing a body where every heart beat is loyally American, where every commitment and consecration are to the republic and its free institutions.

"Sometimes there are false impressions about fraternal organizations. No man ever took the oaths and subscribed to the obligations with greater watchfulness and care than I exercised in receiving the various rites of Masonry, and I say it with due deliberation and without fear of breaking faith, I never have encountered a lesson, never witnessed an example, never heard an obligation uttered which could not be openly proclaimed to the world. More, if the lessons taught were heeded, if the obligations read were assumed, if the relationships urged were adopted, men would be infinitely better in their human relationships.

Justice Is Essential.

"Fraternities must be just if they are to survive. And they must be just to appeal to men in their fellow-relationships. Secret fraternity is one thing; secret conspiracy is quite another. This meeting is in ennobled fraternity.

"One must recognize that fraternity has its abuses. Abused fraternity is no more avoidable than the hypocrisy which teaches how beautifully worth while is honest religion. But fraternity deals with realities and cures its own abuses.

"A president would not be ethical if he related fraternal appeals to which he must turn a deaf ear. I will have said enough if I suggest that men lose their right of fraternal hearing when they transgress the law of the land.

Fraternity Human Trait.

"There is an honest and righteous and just fraternal life in America, it embraces millions of our men and women and a hundred fraternal organizations extend their influence into more than a third of American homes and make ours a better republic for their influence.

"Fraternity is inherent in man, it is manifest in the beasts and the birds. It is our obligation to make the most of it for human betterment. It more than enters our daily life and ministers 10,000 daily charities and fraternal reliefs. In the lodgeroom there is moulded what becomes public opinion and contributes to the moving forces of developing civilization.

"It matters not what is said of human selfishness, it matters not what seeming lack of sympathy and fellowship sometimes is encountered, every man worth while has in him the yearning to be worth while, to do that which gives him title to the activities of human brotherhood. It is the business of organized fraternalism to turn these natural traits to highest helpfulness. In every worthy order the principles of civil and religious liberty, justice and equality are taught in lecture and obligation. A respect for the rights of others, the very essence of fraternity, is stressed everywhere until the rule of justice is the guaranty of righteous fraternal relationship.

Fraternity Among Nations.

"I wish, somehow, we could have fraternity among nations, as it is taught in America among men. I don't mean to employ sign, grip and password, which afford an appealing mystery to our relationship, but the insistent demand for just dealing, the respect of right of others, the ideals of brotherhood recited in the Golden Rule, and the righteous fellow-relationship which every man knows his God approves. Under such a reign of fraternity cruel human warfare never will come again.

"I like the highly purposed fraternity, because it is our assurance against menacing organization. In the very naturalness of association men band for mischief, to exert misguided zeal, to vent unreasoning malice, to undermine our institutions. This isn't fraternity; this is conspiracy. This isn't associated uplift; it is organized destruction. This isn't brotherhood; it is the discord of disloyalty and a danger to the republic. But so long as 20,000,000 of Americans are teaching loyalty to the Flag the cherishment of our inherited institutions and due regard for constitutional authority and the love of liberty under the law, we may be assured the future is secure."

Monster Tanks Tear Great Swaths Through Forests in Sham Battle

Uncle Sam's herd of mechanical elephants were on display recently at the army tank school, Camp Mead, Md., in a demonstration put on for the benefit of some 70 officers and instructors from the staff school at the army war college.

Half a dozen of the huge, lumbering "Mark VIII" giant tanks developed during the war, but too late to share in the fighting, and a whole flock of the six-ton French type, which did get into action participated in the show. The demonstration was one of a series of educational exhibits for the staff college students, all of whom are experienced officers whose military instruction is being rounded out to insure an adequate supply of general officers and men with general staff qualifications.

The present class will complete its course in time to go out to the Summer training camps as instructors in the higher branches of military work.

Tank Possibilities Shown.

To introduce the student officers to the possibilities of modern tank warfare, Colonel S. D. Rockenbach, commandant of the tank corps and school, sent two of his huge, 40-ton "Mark VIII" monsters skirmishing about the heavy woods on either side of a narrow roadway. When the signal to advance was given, the land battleships surged forward resistlessly, tearing great swaths as they passed, as though twin, narrow guage cyclones had put parallel paths of wreckage through the woodland. Towering trees went down before them like reeds, the tanks grinding them remorselessly under the steel shod runners. At times each tank was knocking over half a dozen trees at the same time, literally rooting them from the earth and lumbering forward over prostrate trunks a foot or more in diameter.

The sheer power of the geared liberty engines overcame every obstacle of ditch or bank or brush or tree clump and not an inch to right or left from the selected course were the monsters forced to swerve.

Miniature Attack Staged.

Later a miniature tank attack was staged over the rough, sandy field that is the playground of the school herd. Three "Mark VIII's" led the drive, their six-pounder guns roaring and machine guns snarling as they crept forward behind a smoke barrage hurled from their guns. They looked like crawling dragons, breathing smoke and flame as they shouldered their way over ditches and sand dunes to disappear over a ridge beyond in clouds of dust and shrouds of flying debris flung up from land mines that gave a realistic battle picture.

Behind the big fellow came a far flung line of the little six tonners spitting machine gun and one-pounder fire. A dozen or more of the two-man tanks made up this second line. Colonel Rockenbach explained to the visiting officers that what they had seen thus far were tanks developed during the war. He recalled that in the first requisition from General Pershing for tank equipment, the call had come for the elements which would make up a land fleet of tanks with auxiliary equipment of cross-country, rough going machines to bring up the artillery and supplies.

Progress Since War.

Since the war, he added, some progress toward filling that requisition has been made. At a signal, the new type, the 15-ton medium tank, charged out into the rough field.

It fairly raced over humps and hummocks at a 12-mile gait, twisting and turning like a motor boat. Behind it came a "seventy-five" gun riding a similar mechanism and plunging about the field at high speed, regardless of holes or ditches. It traveled with equal speed in either direction. Behind these two came the cross-country truck for ammunition, gasoline, oil and supplies.

These three, Colonel Rockenbach said, are the beginnings of the American land fleet which will play a great role in any future war. None of them has been perfected as yet, he added, but within them are the elements of a new day in battle when machines will take more of the burdens from the fighting men.

Russian General Dies

The Russian general, Ivan Kharin, died June 3 at the Copenhagen hospital of cancer of the throat. He was an uncle by marriage of Grand Duchess Olga.

Mrs. R. E. Armentrout

Stomach Bad? Nervous?

Here Is Something You Should Know About.

Dayton, Ohio—"Last winter I was badly rundown in health. My stomach was in bad condition and I was very nervous. I began taking Golden Medical Discovery and it did me more good than any other medicine I ever took. Before I had finished the fourth bottle my appetite was normal and I was less nervous. I think Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best tonic on the market."—Mrs. R. E. Armentrout, 1 Simpson St.

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—Advertisement

WOMAN FAVORS 'DECEMBER' MAN

Middleaged Bachelors Are More Distinguished, Says Prima Donna.

May and December romances

Yes, says Mrs. Martha Wittow Mallery, Syracuse, N. Y., prima donna, who before she retired from the operatic stage to wed, was a favorite of the Chicago Grand Opera company.

No, contends Mrs. Blanch Weaver Baxter, docente of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts.

Syracuse's society circles are debating the May and December romance problem as a result of a statement by Edna Fortescue, English writer, who holds that the increasing number of such alliances is due to the fact that modern man is using the fire and enthusiasm of youth to make a place for himself in the world, preferring to wait until later to select a wife.

In this way men do not pick wives they will later tire of, it is argued, and attract young girls because of the respect the flapper has for the worldly man and because of the greater luxuries he can provide.

Mrs. Baxter, leader of those who strongly disapproves of the union of a young girl with a much older man declares:

Young Appreciate Marriage.

"The chances for domestic happiness are much less. I suppose I am old fashioned, but I often think that two young people, very nearly of an age, who are attracted to each other and marry, beginning life together, get the most out of the marriage relation."

Mrs. Mallery, for the others, answers:

"It is the man who has done something in life that the young woman of character seeks for a husband. Against his lost youth she sees what to her are greater advantages—the position he occupies, the respect he commands, the practical wisdom he can distill and the fact that, all things considered, he is more companionable than the callow youth of her own age.

Romance Short Lived.

"The girl may miss the romance of a youthful lover, but too often romance is short lived, and passion does not long survive poverty."

Mrs. Kate E. Knickerbocker, president of the Kanatenah club, a leading women's society of the city, commented:

"Women in these days hold their age much better than do men. Today the woman of 50 doesn't look more than 35, whereas the man of 50 looks all of it; and I think a woman makes a mistake when she marries a man many years older than herself."

Clothiers Invade West

Plans for the establishment in Los Angeles of the first large clothing manufacturing concern in the West were announced by Herbert Schaffner, one of the large clothing manufacturers of the nation, last week. The new concern will be capitalized for several million dollars, Mr. Schaffner said.

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Britain's Royal Family Reviews Troops

King George and Princess Mary on the way to join the other members of Great Britain's royal family at the saluting base on Laefin's plain, near London, where British soldiers passed in review before them.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

Both the New York Americans and the New York Giants lost ground in the major league races last week, the Americans dropping four games and winning but two, including the victory over Cleveland Sunday, while the Giants won two and lost three.

The Yankees dropped two out of a three-game series with the White Sox; were defeated once by Washington and by Cleveland. The Chicago Cubs took two of three games from the Giants and the world champions lost one game and won one from the Pirates. Washington and Chicago helped their averages in the American, the Senators with three victories in four games against the Tigers, and defeated New York and Philadelphia once each.

The defeat of St. Louis by Washington Sunday gave the Senators six games won out of their last eight. Chicago won a game from the Browns and two out of three from New York. Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis were the winning teams in the National. After losing two to the Cubs, the Reds won three straight from Boston and defeated Philadelphia two games. The Cubs, in their victory over Boston Sunday increased their week's triumphs to six with but two games lost.

St. Louis won four of its five games of the week, one from Pittsburgh, three from Philadelphia and lost one to Brooklyn.